

REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART

Horizon

EDITED BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

THE INEVITABILITY OF FLAUBERT BY RENÉ DUMESNIL

FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY AUGUSTUS JOHN

CONTEMPORARY SCULPTORS—IV. JEAN ARP BY C. GIEDION-WELCKER

HER OWN PEOPLE BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

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HORIZON

EDITED BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

Vol. XIV No. 82 October 1946

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The editorial and publishing Offices of HORIZON are at 6 Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, W.C.1.—Annual subscription, 25s. net, including postage; U.S.A.—\$6.00; France—70 francs per copy. Agents for U.S.A.: Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th Street, New York City; Canada: The Jonathan David Co., P.O. Box 204, Station H, Montreal, 25. Sweden: Importbokhandeln, Regeringsgatan 39, Stockholm—Kr. 2:50 per copy

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COMMENT

STILL slowly digesting the answers to our questionnaire on the 'cost of letters', I feel that it has somehow revealed only one or two external symptoms of the complicated illness of our culture and our times. Thus, when I write 'complicated illness' I already betray a certain pleasure in being ill. It is more interesting. We live in an age in which normality (health, peace, happiness) seems dull. Are these things dull? No one with toothache thinks the absence of toothache dull, yet health, peace, happiness, convey to us who are mentally sick and yet don't want to be cured an impression of stagnancy. But we know that these qualities are not really stagnant; health as skiers, for example, experience it, is a kind of intoxication. They seem stagnant because we are feverish. Our illness, then, is a fever, a rise in temperature which makes us impatient of the tempo of normal living. It expresses itself in our next-war talk, wherein we forget death and the black-out, but remember the heightened historical consciousness which flushed our cheek and brightened our eye, and the importance which we derived from expressing our opinions on each new crisis. It also expresses itself in our inability to settle down, to use our money to buy leisure: in fact the claim of so many writers in the questionnaire that they need a thousand pounds a year to live on could be translated to mean 'it is not until fully occupied on the thousand-a-year level that one entirely ceases to be bothered by the books one hoped to write'. The courage required to surrender a good job in some area of culture-diffusion in order to create that culture can be gained only through a sense of vocation. But how can an unknown or under-paid writer make that choice? The times are against it. Where is the writer who stays home in the afternoon and has crumpets for tea? Where is the disdainful unworldly group, the new Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood? It is here the State (in the opinion of nine out of twenty-one writers) must step in. It must give young writers scholarships and older writers Sabbatical years; it must, with its official blessing, thrust leisure as well as money on them and punish those who sneak back to London, to reviewing or the B.B.C. It was an older writer, Robert Graves, who remarked that, where the State and the artist are concerned, 'he who pays the piper, calls the tune'.

What is that tune? Here is the crux. We are now at the beginning of a socialist regime. 'The State' to most artists (ninety per cent of whom are by origin bourgeois individualists) is a large, sprawling, well-meaning young giant, dangerous as 'Rex' to criminals, but tolerant to artists and anxious to avail itself of them. Writers who have been pacifists or revolutionaries see the dangerous 'Rex' aspect, others who have done well as civil servants envisage it as wise and adult, but I am convinced that to the average writer, the State is a clumsy new master, amiable and ready to be teased or bullied in a way which the private patron, with his human vanity, would have resented. So far, in fact, the infant Hercules, while far from paying out to every piper, has warbled only approval of the tune. 'Graham Sutherland, Benjamin Britten, Henry Moore, very nice I'm sure, very pretty—how much?' The attitude of the artist to the State is still that of the middle-class child to the working-class window cleaner who is graciously asked to admire his toys. But supposing the window cleaner says 'I've no time for such rubbish now—you help clean my windows'. Immediately the other facet of the relationship appears—the bourgeois terror of the working class: 'you nasty, big, horrid man, go away. I'll tell my Daddy, he'll never let you clean these windows again.' But Daddy is outside, clearing the drains.

Thus one might say that, under a Conservative government the artist is either the 'good son' (Kipling) or the problem child, the mischievous adolescent Prince Hal (Byron, Wilde, Shaw). He invents Colonel Blimp. Under a Socialist government unless he is a Socialist, his top layer of gentlemanly condescension peels away to reveal an obscure guilt at not doing manual labour, beneath which is a sense of helplessness which will drive these artists who can't hit it off with the new Father figure into exile or the despised arms of the Conservative opposition. But supposing there is no opposition? Supposing party government (which really implies four possible attitudes of the artist to the State) comes to an end through a series of socialist victories and the State, now all-powerful, since the vague cultural opposition of an educated leisured class will have lost all political reality, begins to ask for the art it likes, then the answer will be social realism. Be a social realist or starve—(social realism and, for Conservatives, the pretty-pretty, are the only two kinds of art for which a politician can spare the

time). If in addition to liking social realism there are to be found patriotic reasons for encouraging it (i.e., increase of coal production, dismay of capitalist rivals, etc.), then the State will begin to feel positive anger against those artists who are not social realists. They must be brought into line. This is happening today in Russia, in an atmosphere which recalls an immorality scare in a bad public school, and what is happening is so important that HORIZON feels it necessary, at the risk of saturating our readers, to give a much fuller report of the case than has so far appeared, so let us pretend that we have heard nothing about it, that the writers mentioned, Zoshchenko and Mme. Akhmatova are their English equivalents, Zoshchenko something of Evelyn Waugh, of Nat Gubbins, of G. W. Stonier, Mme. Akhmatova something of a Virginia Woolf or Edith Sitwell, but in their seventies; and that the terrible new headmaster, Zhdanov, is Bevan or Strachey. And now we take you over to the Fifth Form at St. Joe's.

I. TROUBLE BREWING

From the editorial, first number of new Propaganda Department magazine *Culture and Life*, 28 June 1946:

A new historical period has begun in the life of our country . . . Life demands of us a development of ideological and cultural work in accordance with the historic tasks confronting the Soviet State . . . In forming the awareness of Soviet people, literature and art have enormous importance. Our people have a high opinion of the Soviet literary productions which appeared during the war years, but our writers, dramatists, directors and artists are lagging behind the demands currently being placed on Soviet literature and art. Publishing houses and literary journals frequently print mediocre works of little artistic value. There are still people among our *littérateurs* who stubbornly avoid contemporary themes and prefer to depict only the very distant past. A hopeless error is being made by the directors and writers who are assuming that the Soviet people after the war want only relaxation and diversions. Soviet literature and art must produce works full of passion and profound thoughts, penetrated with ideas of life-giving Soviet patriotism.

Literature must, by means of artistic words, reveal the world historical significance of the victories of the Soviet people, must show the vitality and invincibility of the Soviet democracy. Literature is called upon to show the spiritual wealth, the moral firmness, the moral cleanliness and loftiness of spirit of the Soviet man. Only an idealistically advanced, really just literature, based on the living experience of our peoples' struggle for Communism, can be a force raising Soviet people to the resolutions of the historic problems confronting them.

In order that literature may be able to fulfil its duty to the people, analyse

the complex problems of modern life, explain the nature of the social processes in our country, an authoritative literary criticism based on principle must come to the aid of literature.

But we do not have such criticism yet. The state of our criticism is unsatisfactory and its public authority is low. Criticism is not having the necessary effect on the forming of Soviet literature. Criticism is anything but exacting as to artistic form, is poor in thoughts and generalization.

Worthless and fruitless is the criticism which neglects the principle of the party-nature of literature and places the interests of the shop or department above general State interests. It loses its significance as the champion of advanced ideas of our time and becomes petty, servile, or fretfully impatient.

The chief sin of contemporary criticism lies in its having placed itself in the service of particular agencies and writers, lauding mediocre productions of these writers and frequently lamenting the valuable productions of other writers.

Modern criticism is detached from life which means that the literary critics are not in a position properly to evaluate and analyse the great productions of Soviet literature, to define the tendencies of its development.

Our critics do not know how to combine an analysis of the idea content of literary works with an analysis of artistic form.

II. BEFORE THE WHOLE SCHOOL!

The magazines *Zvezda* and *Leningrad*. Decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, of 14 August 1946. From *Pravda*, 21 August.

The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union notes that the literary-feature magazines *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* which are published in Leningrad are operating in a very unsatisfactory manner.

In the magazine *Zvezda*, alongside significant and successful works by Soviet writers, there have recently appeared many works which are devoid of ideas and ideologically pernicious. The grave error of *Zvezda* lies in offering a literary rostrum to the writer Zoshchenko, whose works are alien to Soviet literature. The editors of *Zvezda* were aware that Zoshchenko has long specialized in writing empty, inane and trivial things, propounding rotten works without ideology, which are trivial and indifferent to politics and calculated to disorientate our youth and poison its consciousness. The most recent of the published stories of Zoshchenko 'The Adventures of an Ape' (*Zvezda* Nos. 5-6, 1946) is a vulgar lampoon on Soviet life and Soviet people. Zoshchenko portrays Soviet customs and people in ugly caricature form, slanderously depicting the people as primitive, uncultured, stupid with Philistine tastes and customs. The maliciously hooligan description by Zoshchenko of our life is accompanied by anti-Soviet attacks.

To offer the pages of *Zvezda* to such vulgar dregs of literature as Zoshchenko is the more inadmissible since the editors of *Zvezda* were thoroughly familiar with the character of Zoshchenko, and with his unworthy behaviour during the war when Zoshchenko, not at all helping the Soviet people in their fight

against the Germans, wrote such an abominable thing as *Before Sunrise*, an evaluation of which, along with an evaluation of all the literary 'creations' of Zoshchenko, was given on the pages of the magazine *Bolshevik*.

The magazine *Zvezda* also broadly popularizes the works of the writer, Akhmatova, whose literary and social and political personality has long been familiar to Soviet society. Akhmatova is a typical representative of the empty poetry without ideas which is alien to our people. Her poems, which are imbued with a spirit of pessimism and decadence, expressing the tastes of old drawing-room poetry which have never progressed beyond the attitudes of bourgeois aristocratic æsthetics and decadence—'art for art's sake'—and which did not wish to keep in step with its people, damage the task of bringing up our youth and cannot be tolerated in Soviet literature.

The effect of granting Zoshchenko and Akhmatova an active role on the magazine was doubtless to introduce elements of ideological disjunction and disorganization among Leningrad writers. Works began to appear in the magazine which cultivated a spirit of obsequiousness to modern bourgeois culture of the West, a spirit which is not characteristic of Soviet people. The magazine began to publish works saturated with nostalgia, pessimism and disillusionment in life (the poems of Sadofev and Komissarova in No. 1 of 1946, etc.). In publishing these works the editors aggravated their errors and still further lowered the intellectual level of the magazine . . .

The Central Committee notes that the magazine *Leningrad* is operating particularly badly. It has constantly opened its pages to the vulgar and slanderous writings of Zoshchenko, and to the inane and apolitical poems of Akhmatova. Just as the editors of *Zvezda*, the editors of the magazine *Leningrad* have permitted grave errors in publishing a number of works saturated with a spirit of obsequiousness to everything foreign . . .

How could it happen that *Zvezda* and *Leningrad*, published in the hero-city, known for its advanced revolutionary traditions, a city which was always a nursery of advanced ideas and advanced culture, permitted apolitical works without idea content, and alien to Soviet literature, to creep into its magazines. What is the significance of the errors made by the editors of *Zvezda* and *Leningrad*?

The leading employees of the magazines, in the first place their editors, Comrades Sayanov and Likharev, forgot the thesis of Leninism that our magazines, be they scientific or artistic, cannot be politically indifferent. They forgot that our magazines are a powerful means whereby the Soviet State brings up the Soviet people and, in particular, the youth, and for this reason must be guided by the phenomenon which comprises the vital foundation of the Soviet structure—its politics. The Soviet system cannot suffer its youth to be educated in a spirit of apathy towards Soviet politics, in a spirit of disrespect and lack of ideas.

The strength of Soviet literature, the most advanced literature in the world, is that it is a literature in which there are not and cannot be any interests other than those of the people and the State. The task of Soviet literature is to help the State properly to bring up the youth, answer its needs, educate the new generation to be brave, to believe in its cause, to be fearless before obstacles and ready to overcome all barriers.

For this reason any preaching of lack of ideas, indifference to politics, 'art for art's sake', is alien to Soviet literature, pernicious to the interests of the Soviet people and the State and can have no place in our magazines.

The lack of ideals on the part of the leading employees of *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* also had the effect of their setting, as the cardinal point in their relations with literary figures, not the interests of the proper education of the Soviet people and of the political direction of the activity of the *littérateurs*, but personal interests of friendship. Criticism was dulled in order to avoid spoiling relations with friends. Clearly worthless works were permitted in the Press out of fear of offending friends. This sort of liberalism in which the interests of the people and the State, the interests of the proper education of our youth, are sacrificed to friendly relations and in which criticism is stifled, results in writers ceasing to perfect themselves and in losing awareness of their responsibility to the people, the State and the Party, and of ceasing to go forward.

All the above proves that the editors of *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* have not measured up to the duty with which they were charged, and have permitted serious political errors in directing their magazines.

The Central Committee decrees that the leadership of the Union of Soviet Writers and, in particular, its Chairman Comrade Tikhonov, have taken no steps to improve *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* and have not only not fought against the pernicious influences of Zoshchenko, Akhmatova and other non-Soviet writers like them on Soviet literature, but have even tolerated the penetration of tendencies and habits alien to Soviet literature into the magazines . . .

The propaganda administration of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union did not assure the necessary control over the work of Leningrad magazines.

III. EXPELLED!

The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union decrees:

1. The editors of *Zvezda*, the board of directors of the Union of Soviet Writers, and the propaganda administration of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union are to take steps for the unconditional elimination of the errors and weaknesses of the magazine indicated in our decree, are to correct the line of the magazine and guarantee a high idealistic and artistic level while forbidding access to the magazine for the works of Zoshchenko, Akhmatova and others like them.

2. In view of the fact that at the present moment there are no suitable conditions for publishing two literary artistic magazines in Leningrad, the magazine *Leningrad* is to cease publication and all literary forces in Leningrad are to be concentrated around *Zvezda*.

3. In an effort to introduce the necessary system in the work of the editors of *Zvezda* and a serious improvement in the magazine's content, the magazine is to have an Editor-in-Chief and an editorial board under him. It is decreed that the Editor-in-Chief bears full responsibility for the ideological and political direction of the magazine and the quality of the works published in it.

4. Comrade A. M. Egolin is appointed Editor-in-Chief of *Zvezda* while

retaining his functions as Acting Chief of the Propaganda Administration of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

IV. ALL WE LIKE SHEEP . . .

[SEVERAL PAPERS]

A few days ago in Leningrad there was a meeting of the 'Aktiv' of Leningrad Party Organization at which the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, Zhdanov, made a statement with regard to the decree of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party of 14 August of this year 'with regard to the journals *Zvezda* and *Leningrad*'. The meeting discussed the statement made by Zhdanov, and in accordance with it passed the following resolution:

Resolution passed at the meeting of the 'Aktiv' of Leningrad Party Organization on the statement of Zhdanov on the Decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party 'On the journals Zvezda and Leningrad'.

Having heard and discussed the statement of the Secretary of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party, Zhdanov, on the decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party with regard to the journals *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* which are published in Leningrad, the meeting of the Aktiv of the Leningrad Party organization unanimously acknowledges this decree to be just, entirely approves it, and undertakes to be guided by it and to carry it out precisely.

The meeting of the Party Aktiv considers that the City Committee of the Communist Party, being occupied with the decision of practical economic questions, has neglected questions of ideological work, has not concerned itself with the direction of the journals, has overlooked very big mistakes in the work of the editorial staffs, thus giving an opportunity to people who are alien to Soviet literature, such as Zoshchenko and Akhmatova, to take a leading position in the journals. Having forgotten that the journal of the Central Committee of the Communist Party *Bolshevik* strongly condemned the non-ideological, worthless writings of Zoshchenko, the Bureau of the City Committee of the Communist Party and its Secretaries, Kapustin and Shirokov, made a gross political mistake in admitting Zoshchenko as a member of the editorial staff of the journal *Zvezda*.

The City Committee of the Party, and first and foremost its Propaganda and Agitation Section, have forgotten the instructions of Lenin and Stalin to the effect that literature is a most important Party and State matter, that its task is to strengthen the Soviet system, to assist the Party and the State in the Communist education of the workers, to inculcate in the young generation the best qualities of Soviet peoples—courage, faith in their cause, love and devotion to the Socialist Motherland, the capacity and knowledge for overcoming any difficulties. The absence of daily guidance on the part of the City Committee of the Communist Party led to the result that the Leningrad journals instead of being a powerful weapon in the education of Soviet peoples and especially of youth, by profoundly ideological, contemporary productions, correctly reflecting Soviet life, opened their pages wide to such trivial and worthless writers as Zoshchenko, whose writings are full of a rotten lack of ideology, triviality and

ignorance of politics, which libellously portray Soviet people and mock their Soviet readers. The journals widely popularized the productions of a typical representative of empty poetry which is alien to our people, Akhmatova. The journals also printed the formally pretentious and false productions of Yagdfeld, the verses of Sadofev, which are decadent and permeated with melancholy, the similar verses of Komissarova, and other productions which are weak from an ideological and artistic standpoint.

The meeting of the Party Aktiv notes that although Leningrad writers have composed a number of good, ideologically valuable productions, the general level of their work lags behind the growing tasks of Soviet literature. Many Communist writers have lost the feeling of responsibility and of Bolshevik regard for the high calling of Soviet literature. More than this, some of them have joined the tag-end of writers—the vulgarians and merchants of literature. In the Leningrad section of the Union of Soviet Writers a situation was created in which the interests of the State and the Party were subordinated to private interests, and to personal friendships, a situation of clannishness and mutual admiration.

All this led to the result that in the productions of Leningrad writers there was no portrayal of the heroic deeds of Soviet people, of its inspired creative work in the post-war restoration of works and factories, collective farms, cities and scientific and cultural institutions. Artistic productions did not portray the laborious exploits and life of the workers of Leningrad who had been strengthened in the flame of the Great Patriotic War, and who are now working to restore their city, a hero city, to consolidate further the strength and might of their country . . .

Noting that the governing body of the Union of Soviet Writers and in particular its President, Tikhonov, did not effectively direct the work of the Leningrad section of the Union, did not engage in struggle with the harmful influences of non-Soviet writers, did not take any measures to improve the journals *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* and permitted the infiltration into these journals of tendencies and habits foreign to Soviet literature, the Party Aktiv considers it necessary to ask the Central Committee of the Communist Party to strengthen the governing body of the Union of Soviet Writers, and to put at its head a stronger leader, capable of directing the work of the Union.

The meeting of the Party Aktiv calls upon all writers of the city of Leningrad to resolute improvement of their work as is demanded by the decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, to deep study of Marxism-Leninism, and heightening of their ideological understanding, to intensive creative labour aiming at a new development and flowering of Soviet literature, which is called upon to reflect the interests of the people and the State, and to inculcate the noble qualities of Soviet patriotism amongst the workers and amongst youth.

VI. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL MAYBE

The meeting of Writers regards the decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party with regard to the journals *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* as a document of immense significance both as regards principle and programme, determining the direction and the path of development of Soviet literature.

By its decree the Central Committee of the Communist Party points out to us that the strength of Soviet literature, the most progressive literature in the world, lies in the fact that it is a literature which has not and cannot have any other interests except the interests of the people, the interests of the State. The function of Soviet literature is to help the State in the correct education of youth, to answer its demands, to educate a young generation to be bold, confident in its cause, without fear of obstacles, ready to surmount all difficulties.

The meeting demands of every Leningrad writer that he should devote all his creative powers to the matter of producing ideologically valuable productions of high artistic merit, portraying the greatness of our victory, the fervour for re-establishment and socialist reconstruction, the heroic deeds of Soviet people for the fulfilling and over-fulfilling of the new Stalin Five-Year Plan. In our productions there must be found a worthy and clear portrayal of the Soviet citizen, educated by the Communist Party, steeled in the fire of the Great Patriotic War, devoting all his powers and talents to the great cause of Socialist construction, capable of surmounting any obstacles.

The governing body of the Union must take all steps for strengthening the contacts between writers and the broad masses of the workers, whose demands and just criticism must guide every writer in his work.

It is a matter of honour for Leningrad writers to carry out the decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and to rally the best forces of Soviet writers around the journal, to make the journal *Zvezda* the foremost literary journal in the country . . .

The meeting unanimously assures the Central Committee of the Communist Party and Comrade Stalin that the writers of Leningrad will within a short space of time overcome the grievous defects in their work, and under the leadership of the Leningrad Party organization will find within themselves the powers and the possibilities for the creation of works worthy of the great Stalin era.

What is this verdict in Western terms? It is as if the magazines *HORIZON* and *New Writing* (whose present editorial deals with another aspect of the same problem: Soviet attacks, encouraged by *The Times* correspondent, Mr. Parker, on 'escapist' English literature and periodicals) were suspended; one suppressed, the other given a new editor, and our composite writers, Waugh-Gubbins, and Woolf-Sitwell publicly censured, with all those who have written favourably of them, and forbidden to publish another line (i.e., condemned to starve). Pasternak-Eliot is also involved and elsewhere reprimanded and Spender-Tikhonov retired from his high function.

It is not to be expected that *HORIZON*, which exports about twenty copies to Russia, can be of the slightest help to Messrs. Zoshchenko and Akhmatova whose books at this moment are probably being withdrawn from all circulation, as if they were Celine's or Giono's, and for us even to hint that Western culture

approves of them is the worst thing we can do. But we can deduce one or two conclusions for our Western readers.

(1) Better a 'State' which can't read or write than one which begins to take a positive interest in literature.

(2) There is only one judge of books whom we *dare* trust—with all its faults—the Reading Public. A Buy-more-books Campaign with writers and publishers touring the country in a ballyhoo travelling circus is safer than the best-intentioned crumb of State patronage.

(3) Yet the State is ourselves, *l'état c'est toi*, and after enjoying the beginnings of the Third Programme (so admirably free from such doctrinaire rantings) we can envisage a State which does not necessarily adopt social realism but encourages art for its own sake. The Russian attitude betrays a complete ignorance of what art is about and why people like it, and we must be constantly on the look-out against its implications.

(4) The artist who cares truly for individual freedom, æsthetic merit or intellectual truth must be prepared to go once more into the breach against the Soviet view with all the patience, fervour and lucidity with which, ten years ago, he went into action against the nascent totalitarianism of the Nazis. This is a terrible and tragic conclusion, but the situation is no less tragic. The Soviet conception of art, with the intolerable bullying of artists to which it leads, is a challenge to every writer with liberal opinions—it is the extreme of illiberality.

(5) We must accept the probability that literature will die out in Russia, because the State is trying to force it artificially. All we can do is to see that does not happen here, and proclaim at once to our well-meaning and as yet inoffensive little Hercules the truth that Art is not a product of patriotism or policy or mass-demand, or the yells of a political commissar with a youth movement, but of internal conflict in the subconscious. The artist is a self-cured neurotic—the origins of Art are not in the State but in the family, and the one golden recipe for Art is the ferment of an unhappy childhood working through a noble imagination.

SAYING OF THE MONTH

La justice humaine est d'ailleurs pour moi ce qu'il y a de plus bouffon au monde; un homme en jugeant un autre est un spectacle qui me ferait crever de rire s'il ne me faisait pitié, et si je n'étais forcé d'étudier maintenant la série d'absurdités en vertu de quoi il juge. FLAUBERT, *Letters*.

RENÉ DUMESNIL

THE INEVITABILITY OF FLAUBERT

FLAUBERT, states Mr. Aldous Huxley in his essay, *Vulgarity in Literature*, wished his work to have no ornament other than its own essential beauty, without exterior decoration, however beautiful this might be in itself. And he adds that the saint's asceticism was duly rewarded, since there is nothing even remotely resembling a vulgarity in any of Flaubert's writings. Neither is there any pandering to the taste of the day, nor sacrifice to mere fashion. It is, of course, unquestionable that *Madame Bovary*—and probably still more *An Education in Love*—have given rise to a great number of novels whose authors have done their best to follow the precepts of the master of Croisset; but it is equally true that his ideas, his aesthetic theory, and his method of composition, were entirely his own. Flaubert created a literary school, he did not follow one.

The strict self-discipline which has gained Flaubert the title of ascetic is probably the reason why the young writers of today have turned away from so austere a master—and one, moreover, who had already scolded Zola for pandering to the taste of a public greedy for the frivolous and the morbid. When J.-K. Huysmans sent him *Les Sœurs Vatard*, Flaubert acknowledged it in a letter which could be read with advantage by many novelists of today: 'The basis of your style is firm enough, but you seem to me too modest to rely on it. Why try to bolster it up with violent and vulgar phraseology? When it is you who is speaking, why express yourself like your characters? Don't you see that this is the best way of weakening their idiom? That I should not understand some slang expression used by a Parisian footpad makes no matter. If you consider that expression characteristic and therefore indispensable, I bow to your judgement and deplore only my own ignorance of these things. But when a writer, in expressing his own views, employs a mass of words unknown to any dictionary, then I have a right to object. For what you are doing offends me and spoils my pleasure . . . A whole

aesthetic is contained in this remark (p. 152): "The sadness of wallflowers withering in a vase seemed more *interesting* to him than the sunlit smile of roses". Why? Neither wallflowers nor roses are interesting in themselves. The only interesting thing about them is the way you describe them. The Ganges is no more poetic than the Bièvre,¹ and vice versa. *If we are not careful we shall relapse, as in the days of classical tragedy, into a class system of subjects and a precious vocabulary. People will come to think that vulgarisms enliven a literary style, just as formerly they petrified it with affected terminology. The rhetoric will be inside out, but it will still be rhetoric.* It hurts me to see so original a man as yourself spoiling his work through childishness. Have more faith in yourself—and don't trust receipts.'

Baudelaire once said that the intoxicating thing about bad taste was the aristocratic pleasure in displeasing. Nowadays, it is only too obvious that many writers, far from wishing to displease, are but trying to flatter the bad taste of a public which longs to be shocked. The rhetoric is turned inside out, but it is still rhetoric. I am less sure that it is employed in the interests of sincerity.

It is difficult to realize that in 1856 *Madame Bovary* should have caused Flaubert to be arraigned before a criminal court for offence to public morals, or that the same judges, less indulgent to Baudelaire than they had been, six months before, to Flaubert, should have ordered the excision from *Les Fleurs du Mal* of ten or so poems which are now to be found in all the anthologies, because they are in fact among the most perfect. Admittedly Baudelaire, when he wrote them, enjoyed the aristocratic pleasure in displeasing, just as Flaubert did when he drew the portraits of Monsieur Homais, of the Abbé Bournisien, of Bouvard and Pécuchet and the inhabitants of Chavignolles. But in attacking the bourgeoisie (I call bourgeois, he said, anyone who is low-minded) he obeyed a high-minded impulse. He was 'getting his own back', as he puts it in his letters; he was avenging the life of the spirit—taking Ariel's side against Caliban. And in fact there is something chivalrous about this gesture of rebellion in face of the prevailing mediocrity. In his *Letter to the Municipality of Rouen*,

¹ The Bièvre is a stream which flows through the dyers' and tanners' quarter at Gobelins; its polluted waters meander between the crumbling walls of the tanneries. Flaubert's letter seems prophetic, for Huysmans afterwards wrote a book about the Bièvre, whose 'ailing aspect charmed him'.

which had just refused to accept the results of a subscription raised in favour of a monument to the poet Louis Bouilhet, Flaubert breaks out into cries of violent indignation which contrast strangely with the impassivity characteristic of a novelist who always effaced himself from his own works and took the greatest care not to display his own thoughts or feelings in them: 'Conservatives with nothing to preserve, it is time you got out of your rut—and since regeneration and decentralization are the passwords of the moment, get yourselves some fresh ideas! Have a little initiative for a change! The French nobility went down because for two centuries it entertained the same ideas as its domestic servants. Now the bourgeoisie is going the same way because it entertains those of the plebs. I can't see that it reads different newspapers, enjoys different music, or indulges in more dignified pleasures. In both classes I find the same love of money, the same respect for the *fait accompli*, the same iconoclasm, the same hatred of genuine superiority, the same love of disparagement, the same gross ignorance . . . Before you send the proletariat to school, go there yourselves!

'You have the cheek to call yourselves the enlightened classes, but what you need is light on your own minds! Because you despise the intellect you think you're sensible, positive and practical; but only those are really practical who are something else as well. You would not now be enjoying the advantages of industrial progress if your ancestors in the eighteenth century had thought only of immediate material utility. . . . All your mental activity consists in worrying about the future. It's time you worried about something else—and you'll have to hurry up or France will fall lower and lower between the twin stools of a purblind bourgeoisie and a monstrous proletarian tyranny.'

It is a good thing that somebody should let fly like this at times. Just because they mostly keep silence, such voices, when they do raise themselves, seem to possess all the weight and authority necessary to denounce the least excusable of crimes—those which are directed against the human spirit.

During the Commune, at a time when Paris was distracted by riots which (it should not be forgotten) were originally a protest against the capitulation to the Germans, Flaubert wrote thus to George Sand: 'This is a pretty kettle of fish! Ah well! Never mind, at least I know where I am—no longer in the

fearful state of mind under which I have been groaning for six months past. Unlike most people, I can think of nothing worse than the Prussian invasion. The annihilation of Paris by the Commune would cause me less grief than the burning of a single village by "those charming gentlemen". Ugh! These men of letters who give themselves over to a job like that and grovel to such a tyranny—this is both new and *inexcusable*.'

That cry of rebellion lies at the root of *Bouvard and Pécuchet* and it explains much in that unfinished book, the exact aim of which remains difficult to discern. Alone at Croisset, Flaubert had meditated on the war of 1870, and during its first days he wrote these prophetic lines: 'The nationalist wars may well be beginning again. Before another century is out we shall witness the massacre of several million men in a single battle. The whole of the East against Europe, the old world in arms against the new. Why not? Big collective enterprises like the Suez Canal may well be a kind of rehearsal or prelude to conflicts so appalling that we cannot even imagine them.'

He was one of the first men with foresight enough to realize that material progress is a chimera. Searching about for the causes which were leading his contemporaries so grievously astray, he found them and pointed them out in the afore-mentioned men of letters, 'more barbarous than Attila's Huns', in the dangers of pseudo-science and of that half-knowledge which is but a caricature of real science. He tried to show that the god of these 'scientists' was just an empty simulacrum. Everyone was saying that the Prussians owed their victory to their scholars. Miserable learning, wretched scholars! Such is the fundamental idea of *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, and one which would no doubt have become obvious if death had not interrupted the author in the middle of his work. For the bitter irony of the book, the imperfections and the ambiguities which are the result of its fragmentary state, should not prevent us from recognizing its power and the magnanimity of the vision which inspired it. *Bouvard and Pécuchet* is a warning that was bound to be misunderstood by the majority, who were aware only of the farcical surface and could not perceive the harsh precision of the symbolism. For stupidity means believing in the innate *benevolence* of science; means thinking of it as a kind of universal panacea, a tame divinity; above all it consists in taking science out of its own sphere, confusing *why* with

how, mistaking mere hypotheses for demonstrated truths, believing that we know what in fact we do not know, and intoxicating ourselves with hollow phrases. Yet *Bouvard and Pécuchet* is not, as some have lightly supposed, an attack on science: Flaubert's intention was to bring to the bar, not his two goodfellows, but the Coulons, the Marescots, the Foureaus and all the other fools who surrounded them in their village, dragging them down (as they dragged Flaubert himself down) with 'the mass of a Himalaya, the sheer weight of a world's folly'.

Before starting on this novel, and while preparing the third version of *The Temptation of St. Antony*, Flaubert read a quantity of philosophical works, in particular those of Herbert Spencer. This produced an attempt to reconcile Spencer's conception of the Unknowable with Flaubert's own Spinozist views. He did not consider Science and Religion as enemies one of which was fated to be destroyed by the other, but he did believe them to represent the opposite poles of the mind, between which no common standard was possible. So that, while *The Temptation* was a catalogue of fallacies in the negative realm of religion, *Bouvard and Pécuchet* became a review (this time in comic vein) of the errors that result from the lack of a proper scientific method. The book is a legal investigation of the pseudo-religion of science. It is as dangerous to believe that science is necessarily beneficent as it is to assume that the Unknowable can be rationally explained. Although the limits of the Unknowable may seem to recede as Science extends its dominion, there is in reality no contact between the two. 'I am not so much surprised', writes Flaubert to his friend Mme. Roger des Genettes, 'by those who try to explain the inexplicable, as by those who think they have succeeded and have put God—or Nothingness—into their pocket. Any kind of dogmatism maddens me!' A wise attitude indeed, but one that exposes him who adopts it to the attacks of all sectarians whether of the right or of the left. To those who cannot bear uncertainty, a belief in the possibility of certainty is some consolation . . .

★ ★ ★

To read Flaubert is worth while not merely because he stimulates thought, but because his letters contain instruction of which the applicability remains undimmed. These letters are among the most curious documents which the nineteenth century has left

to us. For Flaubert took an active part in the intellectual movements of his time; far from being a mere passive witness, observing, reflecting, noting, he was a leader of his generation and of the following one. At an age when others are still at the early apprentice stage, he already gave the impression of a master. Although he himself had not yet published anything, we find him writing of Maxime du Camp's *Posthumous Book*, which had just come out: 'I seem to hear throughout the book a dim echo of *November*. A kind of Flaubertian fog lies like a blanket over it all. And Du Camp will not be the only one upon whom I shall have left my mark.' This was written in December 1852, four years before the appearance of *Madame Bovary*; but it was true: Flaubert *had* already left his mark on several young writers. He was to influence many more, by publishing books which became the literary gospel of an entire period. His letters alone explain the mysterious authority, the power to fascinate and carry others with him, the far-reaching influence exerted by a man who lived the life of a hermit, away from society, disdainful of success and deaf to the flattery of his admirers.

A yet more general and more profound lesson may be learnt from these letters. To begin with, Flaubert was a model of artistic integrity, of conscientious everyday toil, of craftsmanship (taking the word in its highest sense): virtues which were the direct result of constant self-abnegation, of laborious concentration and extreme self-sacrifice. The man himself passed through days of discouragement when it seemed to him that his task was too heavy and must end by crushing him altogether. The further he advanced, the more his goal appeared to recede. Weariness overcame him sometimes and he would wonder if he had the courage to persevere. But he did persevere, taking up the overwhelming burden and even finding patience to go back in his tracks—to destroy what on a more careful examination he saw to be imperfect—to rewrite all over again, twice and even three or four times, something which had already cost him so much trouble. His own most merciless critic, he allowed himself no moments of weakness or complacency. Having adopted this severe regime once and for all, he never once went back on it. As he wrote to Maxime Du Camp, at the outset of his career: 'I am not primarily concerned with becoming well known, since I believe that fame is completely satisfying only to the vanity of

mediocre people. My own aim is a better one: to satisfy myself . . . Success appears to me a result, not a goal . . . I have a dim idea in my head of the elegance of diction and style that I mean to achieve. Until I succeed in this my chief care is to avoid diddling the public! I can quite understand that people who want to become manufacturers should be in a hurry to set up their factories. But if a work of art is good, if it is *genuine*, then what does it matter whether it makes its name in six months, or six years—or even after one is dead?’

These precepts, of a deep and disinterested wisdom, never cease to be valid, whatever may be the password of the latest school or the fashion of the moment. One may like or dislike Flaubert’s novels; one may disapprove his art and reject his theories; one may even loathe his style and the view of life upon which his novels are founded. But no one can ignore his precepts without lowering his own intellectual status. Those rules were in no way meant for publicity, they are the expression of intimate belief, a private confession of faith; but their intrinsic nobility confers on them a universal validity: they stand good not only for writers and intellectuals, but for everyone who undertakes any creative work whatsoever.

Patience, dignity, professional integrity: such are the doctrines to be learnt from a first reading of Flaubert’s letters. And these doctrines are reinforced by the spectacle of the writer’s own life. Of course, the man had his weaknesses; but even when he is in the wrong his obvious distinction of character protects him from meanness or transigence. One has only to read his letters to Louise Colet to be fully aware of this. When she tries to push him in a direction he doesn’t want to go, or requires him to join her in abuse of Alfred de Musset, he tells her straight out that to be someone’s rival in love does not affect his moral worth; and he told her this in terms which took her aback. In doing so he showed the same directness, firmness and precision as in dealing with himself. Never for a moment did he entertain the idea of personal profit or of any material advantage, and in this he resembled his own creation, the Dr. Larivière of *Madame Bovary*: ‘fanatically attached to his art, practising it with wisdom and a rapturous concentration, contemptuous of honours, titles and degrees, open-handed, open-minded, generous and kindly to the poor, virtuous yet never priggish, he might have been thought a saint were it

not that his intellect had a superstitious horror of such things . . . ' Yet people did not fear him, they loved him.

Flaubert worked himself into a condition where ecstasy and pain became one; and he attached value to the exertions which so tortured him. Those pains and those ecstasies produced pages like this: 'I have never swerved from my path since the time when I used to ask my nurse for the letters with which to spell the sentences that came into my head, until this evening when the ink is still wet on the page of erasures which lies before me. I have steered a course as straight and taut as a bowstring, which went on and on. I have watched my goal recede gradually, year after year, as fast as I went. How often have I fallen flat on my stomach just at the moment when I was hoping to reach the end! All the same, I have a feeling that I am not destined to die without hearing at least a distant roar, somewhere or other, of the style I have always had at the back of my head. It ought to make itself heard above the parrots and the crickets.'

The single-mindedness of Flaubert's life is indeed astonishing. It would not be easy to find another example of so constant a will-power, of an energy so unflagging. The last letter I quoted dates from 1852, when Flaubert was in process of writing *Madame Bovary*; and he was to 'fall flat on his stomach' many times before finishing the book and reaching his goal. Those tortures at an end, *Salammô* was to cause him still worse. And so, with every one of his books, the same troubles and anxieties were to be renewed; for all his life long he remained suspicious of work that came easily and he was as hard as ever on himself. On the final evening of his life, when death surprised him at the grinding task of bringing *Bouvard and Pécuchet* to perfection, he wrote again those words: 'I have steered a straight course, on and on . . . ' And, as in 1852, he might have added: 'The self-doubts which trouble us when we are unknown, remain with us when we become famous. Some of the strongest of us continue to be fretted by them to their dying day.' He himself was eaten alive by those self-same doubts.

But though merciless to himself he never became hard on others. On the contrary, he remained as simple and kind-hearted in life as he was conscientious and undeviating in the exercise of his craft. Always faithful and obliging to his friends, he continued to work for them when they were dead, with no thought but for

their own interest and reputation. The best illustration of this is his championship of Bouilhet, when he fought the combined forces of politics and stupidity, and won a victory over the Municipality of Rouen. He published his old friend's *Last Songs* at his own expense, and even here he had a battle to fight. He spared neither time, trouble, nor money, and was indeed—as he loved to style himself—the last of the troubadours.

His letters too contain some very pretty lessons in the art of friendship. Here, too, he proved himself a master. The letters to George Sand are full of tenderness and an almost filial affection; even when he crosses swords with her on aesthetic grounds he does not become disagreeable. She never succeeded in making him give up his 'detachment', but it was for her that he wrote *The Pure in Heart*, perhaps the most deeply felt of all his stories. Yet George Sand was never to read it, for she died on 18 June 1876, before Flaubert had finished the tale invented to please her. The 'dear friend of God' deserved that he should say of her, on returning from her funeral: 'It seemed as though I were burying my mother all over again'. And he, too, deserved that gracious friendship.

* * *

Considering that Flaubert made objectivity the indefeasible rule of his art, and that, throughout his career, he never stopped asserting that only an artist's work, and not his private life, belongs to the public, it may seem paradoxical to claim that his letters constitute his masterpiece. But in the end it is what he tells us about his inner self that we prefer even to those works which caused him the most trouble and suffering; it is the letters he wrote day by day that mean even more to us than the books he accomplished at the cost of so much labour. This is because, familiar and even trivial as they often are, they are so spontaneous, so vivid and idiosyncratic in style, that they are at once an encyclopaedia of literary method and an invaluable guide to living.

Such, it seems to me, are the reasons why we should turn our eyes once more towards the great man of Croisset. It may be that the young are somewhat contemptuous of him. It is true that he has taken his place among the classic writers of all time. Yet he is one of those great masters who remain alive by virtue of the advice he can still dispense. And it is certain that that advice is worth following.

[Translated by EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST]

AUGUSTUS JOHN
FRAGMENT OF AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XVI

IT must have been my meeting with the occultist Mr. Robert Bruce that led up to my expedition to Jamaica: he volunteered to cast my horoscope. Having drawn up a chart setting forth my position in relation to the Zodiac and Planets, Mr. Bruce retired with this for a week or two of contemplation. In the end a mental picture emerged revealing with considerable accuracy the salient facts of my life and character, and a glance into the near future promised me a visit to one of the British Colonies. Pleased with these deductions I would have been sorry to leave the astrologer's forecast unfulfilled and his prophetic gift in dispute. Upon reflection I decided a visit to Jamaica would satisfy Mr. Bruce and perhaps turn out profitably for myself, too. Jamaica was the oldest of our Colonies and the name, suggestive of rum, treacle, white devilry and black magic, attracted me. Miss Jo Jones had shown me graphic evidence of the beauty of the island and its inhabitants. And so one November day, we, that is, my wife and daughter Vivien, Miss Brigit Macnamara and the child Tristan, embarked on the steamship *Arawa*, an old but still fairly seaworthy vessel, bound for the Antipodes via Kingston. The voyage, which usually takes a fortnight, proved longer this time, for running into foul weather we were blown out of our course and reached our destination some days late. The buffeting of the wind, the pitching and rolling of the ship, the crashing of crockery, the profuse seeping of water through the iron ceiling of our cabins formed a kind of symphony of discomfort until, entering a calmer and sunnier zone, it ceased, and we were able to air ourselves on the deck in ease and merriment. Only the grinning mask of one of my daughter's followers, who had contrived to get himself sent to Jamaica by the same boat with a commission to write an account of the colony and, incidentally, prosecute his suit, marred the picture. We cast anchor first of all at Curaçao to take in oil, and the passengers were given some hours ashore. This Dutch island, though flat enough, is remarkable for the colour and variety of its motley population. I was tempted to

stay there but the entreaties of some Dutch officials, who came aboard for a chat, confirmed me in the original plan. The prospect they held out of housing us luxuriously in their country club far from the vulgarities of the capital left me cold. When I innocently told them how delightfully we had lunched at a certain Chinese restaurant frequented by handsome young negresses superbly clad, the shocked silence which ensued convicted me of a serious indiscretion: our restaurant was not in high repute it appeared . . . I would like to return to Curaçao; its life and brilliance were staggering! As I explored the harbour of Willemshaven, flanked by buildings in the Dutch style, a great grey monstrosity, in the form of a ship, passed slowly seawards to the strains of solemn music, its decks lined by the human machinery of the crew. It was, I was told, the German battleship *Gneisenau*.

Re-embarking, we awoke next morning to find ourselves at Kingston Docks under the shapely contours of the Blue Mountains.

I had heard of an hotel well-spoken of, called Mona Great-House, situated a few miles outside Kingston. We directed our taxi thither. Seating ourselves on the verandah of the hotel we awaited with much anxiety the verdict of the proprietress: would she take us in. . . ? She would. She even allotted us a bungalow to ourselves. This suited us perfectly, for we are not very good mixers. The hotel was an old planter's house standing in pleasant grounds with a fine view across the plain of Liguanea to the mountains beyond. Flowering tropical trees decorated the little park; we inquired the name of one with snakey branches, bearing exquisite pinky-white blossoms: 'frangipani'; we were enchanted! Nearby, a small bathing pool reflected the luminous green winged foliage of banana bushes: a tiny bar was presided over by a majestic negress who, in her leisurely way, mixed 'planter's punches' or other concoctions by request: humming-birds darted or hovered amidst the bougainvillea: lizards on the walls inflated their throats obscenely: above, foul carrion birds circled: the prim black servants submitted demurely to the taunts of their mistress, one of the old school; they made a pet of Tristan, whose blonde curls were irresistible: I got some of them to sit for me, and soon found other models. The Jamaicans show many shades of intermixture: their complexions are as various as their fruits, which they seem to imitate, assuming banana, apricot, citrus, paw-paw, mango or plum-like tints: there are some even as white as coconut pulp, but

these are rare. But the pageantry of the native life is less vivid than at Curaçao. A kind of blight seems to have fallen on the island, an English blight, which has corrected the natural exuberance of its people, trimmed the native costumes of much of their style and character and reduced the once-ornamental shacks and cabins to a sober monotony of battleship grey or chocolate. Corrugated iron is never a sympathetic material and when employed as lavishly as it is in the domestic 'architecture' of Jamaica, one is not only aesthetically repelled but even alarmed when one begins to think of its behaviour under the impact of the next hurricane, although, at a safe distance, some might view the prospect with entire satisfaction. Kingston, with its ugly public buildings, its miserable slums, its almost shadeless boulevards (in an island noted for its peerless and superabundant vegetation) is nothing to boast of. It has no soul, mind, or even heart of its own, and is always on tenterhooks, waiting like a prostitute for tourists or the temporary visitors from a passing ship.

Once installed at Mona Great-House we proceeded to explore the island, engaging a car for the purpose with Noel Lawrence, our faithful black chauffeur, in charge. Mounting from the hot coastal belt to the temperate uplands, the country begins to unfold itself in landscapes not unlike the best of those we knew at home; some have a park-like character but the curious conical formation of the hills generally is distinctive. Here an old-fashioned native cabin, washed in blue and pink and thatched with palm-branches, sparkles like a jewel in the shadowy verdure, and there a fine Great-House stands, proudly overlooking its domain.

The tumultuous peaks and ridges of the Blue Mountains could be paralleled though hardly surpassed in Scotland or Wales. As we moved from one district to another, the physique of the inhabitants seemed to change as if the integrity of the tribes from which their ancestors had been recruited was still preserved. Was I wrong in seeming to detect in some remote communities a strain from the exterminated Arawak? The beauty of the island views at many points defies description unless by the pen of a Lafcadio Hearne who, in his book on Martinique, was able to supply a word for every hue and shade. Montego Bay, though too crowded for our taste, justified its reputation for those who liked swimming, but the town was of the usual ramshackle type though not without

interest for a wandering artist. Driving back along the northern coast line we tarried at a pleasant inn situated in a mangrove swamp. Here we were regaled with the unbelievable tree-climbing oysters—these were small but of excellent flavour. At Ocho Rios our road took us through fairy woods rising from a bed of gushing torrents and thence up a long and deep defile between perpendicular cliffs hung with a luxuriant and exotic vegetation. Such scenes reminded me of the dream-like vistas of *Paul et Virginie* on a similar island. Subdued by their magic, I seemed to catch some of the wonderment of Columbus, a whiff of the Spanish Main and a momentary glimpse of Rima. Finding an attractive and lonely spot called Robin's Bay we took a bungalow and stayed there some weeks. Near-by a club house frequented in the evenings by neighbouring planters offered its amenities. I found more models here including some pretty East Indian girls. The East Indian settlers had been imported along with their cattle. It was a fine sight to watch the handsome beasts herded by boys galloping on ponies while blowing their conches in classic style. At dusk we sometimes heard from afar the ominous liturgy of the drums. I had listened at Montego Bay one night to a very strange and alluring kind of music proceeding from a strolling band of unseen players. That the Jamaicans possess the artistic faculty is proved by the decoration of the gourds they sell to tourists. They have admirable wood-carvers, too, and a few sculptors of merit. At the fashionable cabaret, the Silver Bucket, the best show I saw, by a long way, was put on by a native company of dancers, singers and comedians. But such evidence of talent if not discouraged is looked upon with at best an amused and contemptuous toleration. The superior race, with few exceptions, takes little interest in the population of the Island except as affording an inexhaustible supply of cheap labour. The blacks, lacking political organization and business ability, are at the mercy for the most part, of the United Fruit Company, a 'benevolent tyranny' with its roots in the U.S.A. All the principal shops in Kingston are in the hands of Syrians, Chinese and Jews. Having made the acquaintance of one of the leading exporters of rum, I suggested the advisability of establishing a *Jamaica House* in London where his particular commodity would be dispensed, together with the other products of the Island, including the best coffee in the world. I envisaged a

handsome Jamaican *décor* executed by or from the designs of local artists or craftsmen with views of the Island and a selected staff of coloured servants attired in the traditional West Indian fashion. I would have been keen to lend a hand in this enterprise and had no doubt of its success. Such an establishment, I argued, in the heart of London would 'put Jamaica on the map'. Though the idea attracted him, this gentleman failed to reach a decision. As if overcome by the languor of the tropics he found himself incapable of the initial effort demanded by the scheme and preferred to sit back and dream in the odorous seclusion of his spacious dock-side Bar, where I left him.

Pūkumaia is the word used to designate the peculiar religious ceremonies of the more primitive people of Jamaica. In these ceremonies the cult of African witch-craft (white or exorcist) is combined with a form of Baptist doctrine. The meetings I attended, thanks to the good offices of a talented negro sculptor, were held at night in a dilapidated barn half open to the sky, placed in a spacious yard in which stood an immensely tall bamboo pole. Within the barn or tabernacle the spiritual leader or 'Shepherd', as he was called, sat at a table upon which lay a large Bible. At his right hand was seated a row of negro damsels dressed in white satin with large white turbans on their heads. These were called the Revivalist girls and were accredited with special sanctity. The congregation gathered round, leaving a wide rectangular space in the centre. The service consisted of hymn singing, readings from the Bible, a discourse by the Shepherd, more singing and a queer form of dancing. The singing was led by the turbaned girls who accompanied it with rhythmical motions of the arms. Now and then one of them, rising, would stagger into the centre with glassy unseeing eyes, and perform, as if under a spell, a hesitating dance. She 'had the Spirit' . . . Among the congregation, too, a worshipper, sometimes suffered a more violent seizure and crouching like a beast, emitted inhuman cries. The Shepherd rebuked such a one and at his bidding she was led away: 'We want Peace, not turmoil' he said. The service over, all left the barn to gather round the bamboo pole outside. Now the Shepherd, a powerful black, was robed in vestments of crimson and gold by his attendant women. His flock then circled in procession round the pole, some holding banners and many, adopting a crouching posture, gave vent to rhythmical grunts.

Next, the Shepherd, divested of his robes and almost nude, performed a remarkable feat. At a sign he suddenly began revolving round the pole in a wide circle at great speed, at the same time turning rapidly on his own axis. After about fifteen to twenty minutes of this exercise he came to an abrupt halt without a stagger. Perspiring freely he was rubbed down and reclothed by the female acolytes. I noticed the circling of the pole was always performed 'widdershins'. On one occasion a kind of ritual drama was enacted though I couldn't follow its meaning. It centred round the figure of a young girl and might have been an initiation ceremony. A chorus of maidens supplemented the chanting with a rhythmic and tireless bowing up and down from the waist. Repeatedly the priest or Shepherd assumed, with his attendants' help, a change of finery. The proceedings were interrupted unfortunately by the catechumen, who, now stripped, was seized with the 'Spirit' and had to be hurried away shrieking. The whole performance was conducted with perfect decorum and even reverence, though I heard expressions of disapproval from some sophisticated young men in the background. For my part, I could imagine no better way of passing an evening and was deeply moved. I was not fortunate enough to witness the baptismal rites by the riverside which, I was told, took three nights to celebrate and left some of the assistants prostrate for a week. The *Obeah* man is much resorted to in the Island, for his ministrations are found to be more efficacious and cheaper than a white doctor's medicine. Who can begrudge these simple folk their naif beliefs and customs? They are immemorial and belong to the childhood of the world. The gymnastics, performed with such astonishing endurance, skill and gusto, seem at any rate to demonstrate the ascendancy of spirit over matter, and if the yellow fever is seen to subside under the potency of some witch's hell-brew, well, why worry?

Another interesting spectacle was the annual commemoration of the death of Hussein by an East Indian colony in our neighbourhood. At the appointed date a procession of these people was seen approaching to the sound of music and chanting. A great structure of coloured paper in the form of a stylized shrine or temple was borne aloft: the procession halted in front of the hotel and the last combat and death of the Prophet's nephew was enacted ritually. This dance or ballet was beautifully performed

with the principal role filled by a young man of perfect physique. The women, disposed by the roadside, joined in with intermittent singing.

At an out-of-the-way spot called French Bay we found a little newly established hotel where the food and cooking was surpassingly good. The proprietor, a young man as *soigné* as the fare he provided, would have passed muster in any gathering of Bloomsbury aestheticians: but such refinement is not unusual in Jamaica, where even the photographers habitually gild their toenails. Here I could bathe in complete freedom and swim out undeterred by warning shrieks and gesticulations from the beach. The stories of sharks and barracudas I had heard seemed to me legendary and I saw none of these pests. The village near-by was largely inhabited by descendants of the followers of Prince Charles Edward banished to this island after his defeat in the rebellion of '45: these luckless scions of a prouder ancestry now share the common squalor of the natives, but even in their abjection still bear the discoloured yet indelible traces of their breed. It was surprising to hear in these surroundings the remnants of familiar ballads and folk-songs sung to the guitar. My companions now took their departure leaving me to stay on as long as I liked or weather permitted. I was anything but satisfied with my efforts and felt compelled to continue them at least till the coming of the rain. The people I was interested in seemed always aloof and difficult of access. The room I was given to work in was unsuitable. The proper course would have been to build a native house of mud, mahogany and palms near a village by the sea. There I would merge myself in my subjects, become one with them, and from this conjunction a masterpiece would spring. . . . But this would take time. It would be necessary to get to know my people and learn their patois, gain their confidence, share their thoughts and outlook and forget the world I had abandoned. But I was handicapped by my colour, and still more by the invisible callosities of habit, and the open wounds of memory . . . meanwhile I was tired of being treated as a kind of pukka sahib by my coal-black chauffeur, himself a monument of respectability. I thought of trying another island, less under the heel of an alien and adverse culture than this one. Haiti, Martinique, Guadeloupe? But I found means of transport were few and precarious. I thought of heading an uprising of the Island, driving

the whites, Governor and all, including a number of my new friends, into the sea and inaugurating a reign of Harmony in this potential Paradise. Could I count on the Maroons. . . . ? There were rumblings of discontent to be heard. I saw trouble ahead but as yet no Bustamente had arisen. A group of the local intelligentsia visited me. The famous negro nonchalance, once the protective colouring of the slave, had given place to a thoughtful perplexity. Although I hadn't been able to find a book worth reading in Kingston they had evidently discovered means of instructing themselves: they were in error in taking me for a Member of Parliament but not in enlisting my sympathy. Their disclosures were disquieting. The housing situation was ghastly. A general wage of ninepence a day was inadequate for a married man with a family. Under-nourishment was sapping the vigour of the people: disease was rife . . . etc. I had heard it all before. What could I do about it? At least I could pass this information on. It was easy to prate of solidarity, strategy, audacity plus restraint and so on: not so easy to expound the doctrines of the Open Society I contemplated. Could I help by reciting the articles of a political faith which, besides Jamaica, included the whole world in its purview? The obliteration of frontiers: the land in trust to those who tilled it: ditto for the factory and its tools: the de-bunking of nationalism: the dethronement of Money: the rise of autonomous groups without number, elastic, profliferous, fissile, interrelated and reciprocally free: the repudiation of the State and of all authority based on violence. . . Such academic formulæ with the addition of a bottle of rum were all I had to offer my guests. As they took their leave I perceived something in their eyes which might have been a gleam of humour, or hope—or just a tear. . . .

And now the rainy season was beginning and I had to think of departure. With the rain a great gloom descended upon me almost depriving me of volition. An immense effort was needed to book a passage and pack up. At last I found myself aboard a 'fruit-boat' bound for Southampton. In the English Channel orders reached the captain to divert our course to Rotterdam where the passengers were to be transferred to a Dutch boat and so conveyed to Greenwich. On boarding the new vessel a strange elation took possession of me; an intoxicating sense of freedom! No more excruciating meals at the captain's table, no more talk

of cricket—that good man's sole topic, no more tramping round the deck with my friendly German fellow-passenger. In this Dutch ambience I felt at home: I was back on the Continent! Hailing two ladies with whom I had scarcely passed a word during the voyage I insisted that they dine with me after a few preparatory glasses of *Bols* or 'eye-balls' as one of my guests ventured to call them. She had taken a round cruise to the Caribbean while writing a novel: had gone ashore with the captain but once at Vera Cruz to watch a cricket match and so home. I felt now I should have cultivated her earlier.

I was a little disappointed by the appearance of England at first sight. It was too early for one thing and my country wasn't looking its best. Perhaps I should have warned it. My return appeared to be like that of too many soldiers home from the war, inopportune, only in this case, the girl I had left behind me was on the wrong side of the ocean—and a blackie at that. I would have to re-adjust myself somehow before going much further. But it wasn't going to be easy with the frangipani, even from here perceptibly in blossom, the surf of Treasure Beach still in my ears and my last 'planter's punch', as it were, but half begun . . . and the dusky Queen of the Caribbean, superb on her mountain-top amidst the sea, need never doubt her lover though he must beware while always acknowledging the Magic of the Blessed Island.

C. GIEDION-WELCKER

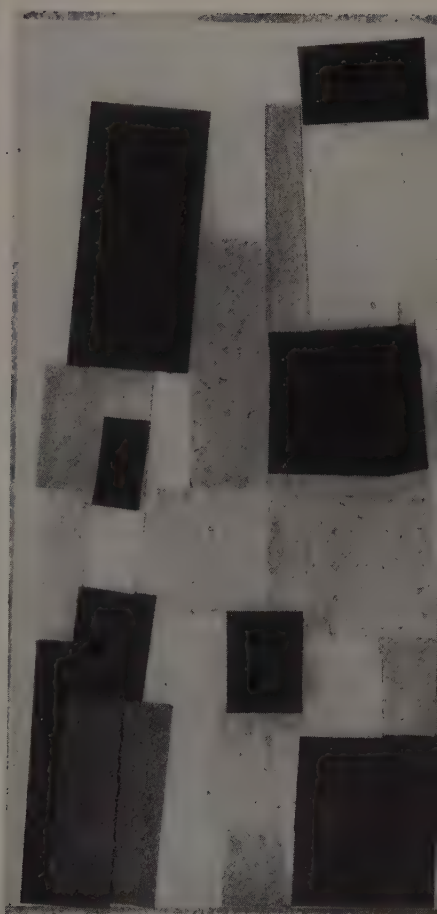
CONTEMPORARY SCULPTORS: IV JEAN ARP

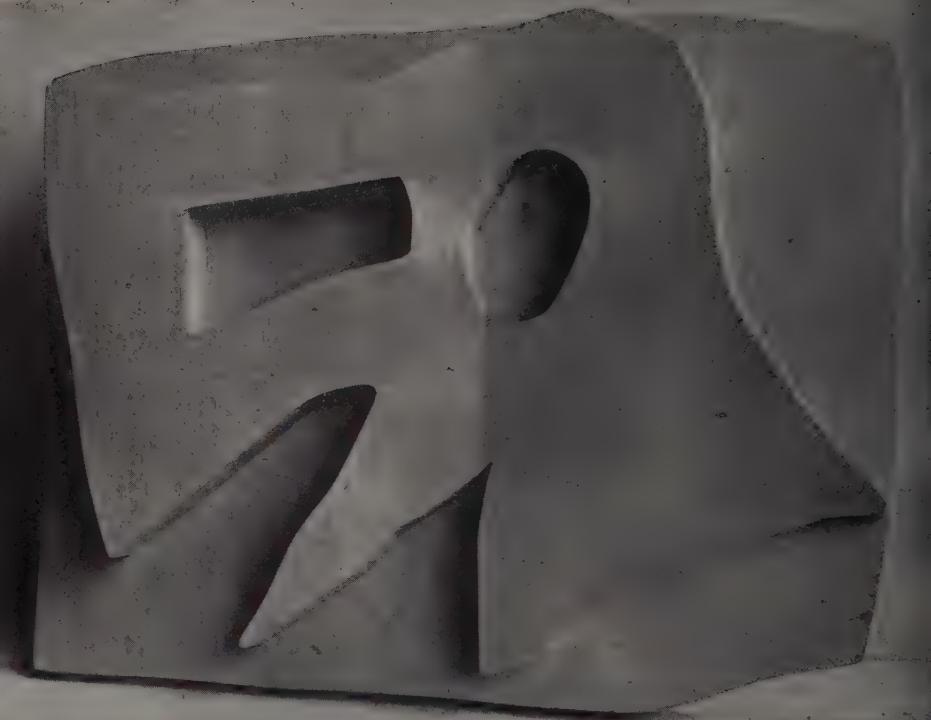
ARP was born in the Alsatian city of Strasbourg in 1887. Situated at the foot of the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest, this beautiful medieval city has for centuries been subject to a curious interplay of French and German elements. This is clearly reflected in both language and political development. Arp belonged to the harried and menaced generation that had been forced to bear the miseries that resulted from power neurosis and technical



JEAN ARP. 1945

Collage. 1916





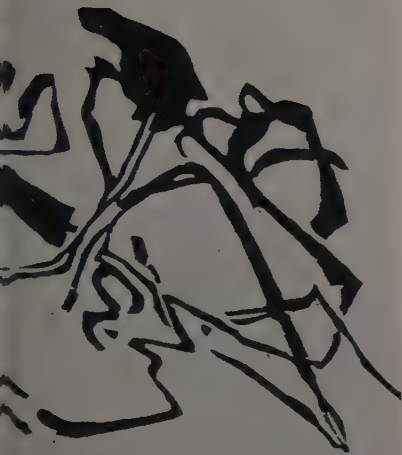
Masque d'Oiseau. Wood Relief. 1918

Collection Doucet, Paris



Table, mountain, anchor
and navel. 1935

Surréalisme et la peinture, Breton



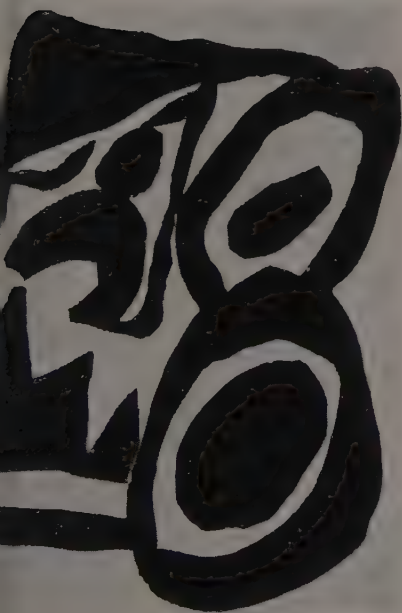
W. KANDINSKY. Woodcut. 1912

Das Geistigen der Kunst



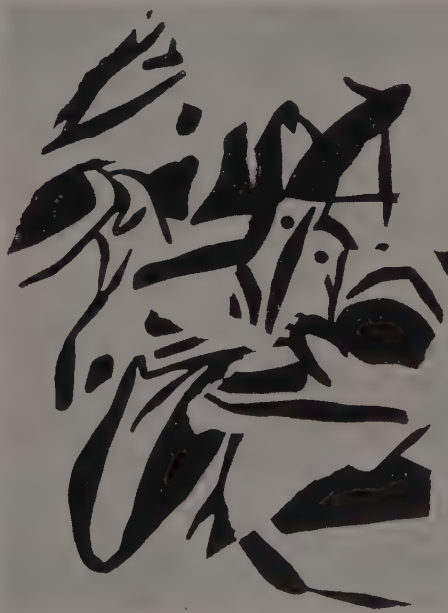
ARP. Woodcut. 1920

Calendrier du Cœur, Tristan Tzara



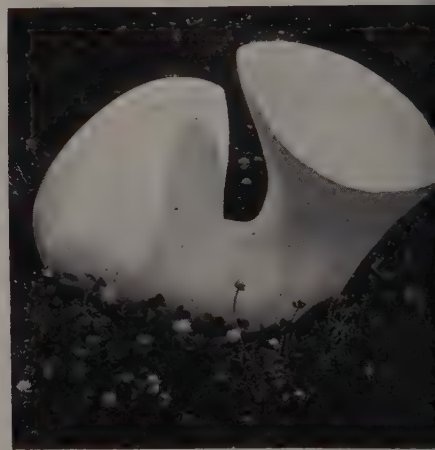
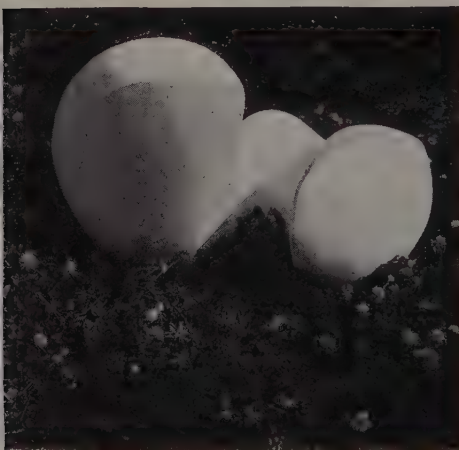
Woodcut. 1916

Der Zeltweg



Woodcut. 1946

Vingt-cinq-et-un poèmes, Tristan Tzara



Concretion Humaine. 1936

Collection Maya Sacher-Stehlin,

ingenuity divorced from wisdom. There were a few—the young Arp among them—who boldly stood up against everything that was spiritually bankrupt and hypocritical. They slighted and parodied the complexity of daily existence, and with fanatical energy endeavoured—and succeeded—to stimulate a new and more elementary mode of living and creative expression through art. They renounced the false educational clichés that flaunted universal progress. Culture was to be found among the primitives—‘barbarous’ in the eyes of an over-organized and mechanical civilization. They were convinced that the elementary forces that are the fruit of ‘thought sprung from fantasy’, as the eighteenth-century Neapolitan philosopher Vico formulated it, could liberate mankind and art in particular from the sterility of mere virtuosity, among so much else the excrescence of Man’s intellectual and materialistic desire to be the all-important nucleus of the universe. The time had come for the constructive forces of the imagination to take up arms against the supremacy of common sense. Vico’s struggle with the world of Descartes was continued with increased vehemence.

For what else were the first Dadaists up against if it was not the festering rational world, its spurious moral standards and its bloated beauty cult founded on outworn classical recipes. ‘We must destroy in order that the lousy materialists may recognize on the ruins what is essential. . . . Dada wanted to destroy the reason’s swindle for Man and incorporate him again humbly in nature.’¹ Behind all the seemingly nihilistic and destructive Dada gestures lay a firm belief in those concealed properties without which there can be no organic beauty, no human grace. It was high time that Hugo Ball’s *vox humana* made itself heard to remonstrate against the stifling process of mechanization. From 1916–18 a lively medley of painters, poets, dancers and *diseuses* gathered in Zürich to form the ‘Cabaret Voltaire’,² anxiously seeking for ‘the buried face of the time, its personality and origin, the cause of its affliction and its resuscitation’.³ Somewhere

¹ From Arp’s diary *Transition*, 1932.

² Hans Arp, Tristan Tzara, Richard Hülsenbeck, Hugo Ball, Emmy Hennings, and Marle Janco.

³ Hugo Ball, who had come to Zürich protesting against German militarism in 1916, soon became one of the leading literary and philosophical personalities of the Zürich Dada movement, together with Arp, Hülsenbeck and Tristan Tzara.

in his *Flucht aus der Zeit* Hugo Ball says that art should be no more than a 'motive, a method' towards such an end: it should be torn down, the Dadaists thought, from its soaring pedestal of marble, and made to flow anonymously and frèely from the vastness of preconscious life. Unfortunately very few today are willing (dare!) to penetrate the mockery and voluntary shabbiness of Dadaism and acknowledge the immense constructive forces that lie behind. In the eyes of Hugo Ball himself it was a 'fool's play founded on nothing at all yet involving all higher problems'.

This was the Dada of the 'Cabaret Voltaire', situated in one of the narrow Gothic streets of ancient Zürich. This was the young Hans Arp in his Zürich hey-day. During this period his creative activity was marked by a definite urge towards the absolute, the direct, towards simplicity, and finally, as a reaction against an inflated superman cult, towards anonymity: *les œuvres d'art devraient rester anonymes dans le grand atelier de la nature comme les nuages, les montagnes, les mers, les animaux, les hommes. Oui! les hommes devraient rentrer dans la nature, les artistes devraient travailler en communauté comme les artistes du moyen-âge*. In the wooden and cardboard reliefs of this period the simple objects of everyday life are given back their original magical significance by means of witty transformation. The 'sublime act of creation' is reduced to a ludicrous bagatelle. Here, absolute relaxation of the mind is opposed to the cramped hyperbolic pathos of contemporary German expressionism, and the subsequent parodies of the politically active Dadaists in the same country. The essential difference of attitude between the Dadaism of the 'Cabaret Voltaire' and that which flourished in Germany should be kept in mind: whereas the latter never transcended the hallmark of an economic inflation preoccupying itself almost exclusively with Left-wing politics, the former, led by artists of the finest sensibility, directed the far more subtle attack on the parallel inflation of the mind.¹

Next to all that was revolutionary and burlesque, the young Arp possessed much that was quiet and contemplative. For it was during this period that he became absorbed in the mystical

¹ Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst should be mentioned here as the only German Dadaists who were made of the same mettle as those in Zürich. Schwitters was even excommunicated by his Dadaist colleagues for his creative and non-political attitude.

writings of Jacob Böhme and the religious philosophy of Laotse. We find Arp making *collages* of grey, silver, and black bits of paper.¹ The extreme architectural severity and almost religious asceticism of these compositions contrast gracefully with all the calligraphic craftiness and 'beauty' that 'decorate' the world. The 'object-reliefs' of the same period, full of witty associations, are the issue of Arp the jester: the same can be said of his poetry in which absurdities mockingly expressed in inflated manners of speech, imaginative word deformations, puns, and grotesquely irrational images abound. The realities and banalities of everyday life are, for him, part and parcel of poetry.

A mere glance at the titles² of Arp's works will illustrate to what extent he was preoccupied with odd configurations, as he called them, of beings and objects, of bottles, mouths, neckties, navels, moustaches, leaves, anchors and heads, etc. How are we to explain this marked tendency, especially typical of the early period, to disintegrate Man's body into sundry parts? There can be no doubt that it springs from a desire to reinstate man on a level with the innumerable things that surround him, *pour elles il n'y a pas de quartier de noblesse*, Picasso has said. For Arp Man is not the crown and glory of creation, but as simple, lost and transient as a leaf in the wind. Everywhere a kind of romantic irony is disrupting man's bombastic self-satisfaction, reducing him to the humble scale of his surroundings. Precisely the same tendency is present in Arp's poetry 'The Pyramid's Petticoat', 'The Cloud Pump', etc. Arp always started by casting every conceivable thing into a vast kind of bag, which is then thoroughly shaken so as to upset all logical order and annihilate the rigid hierarchy of values. He subsequently conjures up a transformed world full of ingenious and paradoxical ties between bodies and ideas, an irrational world where everything is fraternally compatible with everything else. New life is imparted to the basic unit of speech, the word, and its power to evoke images and associations. Consecutive description, issuing from a mechanical conception

¹ It should be remembered that Picasso and Braque were making *collages* as early as 1911-12, though with quite a different stress.

² 'Tête-moustache et bouteille'; 2. 'Soulier, lèvres, nombril'; 3. 'Têtes et cravattes'; 4. 'Tête et feuille'; 5. 'Le Gant'; 6. 'La moustache sans fin'; 7. 'Le Corpuscul'; 8. 'Objets placés comme l'écriture', 'Objets placés d'après la loi du hasard'; 9. 'Configuration', etc.

of time, is as foreign to Arp's poetry as perspective issuing from an analogous conception of space is foreign to his art.

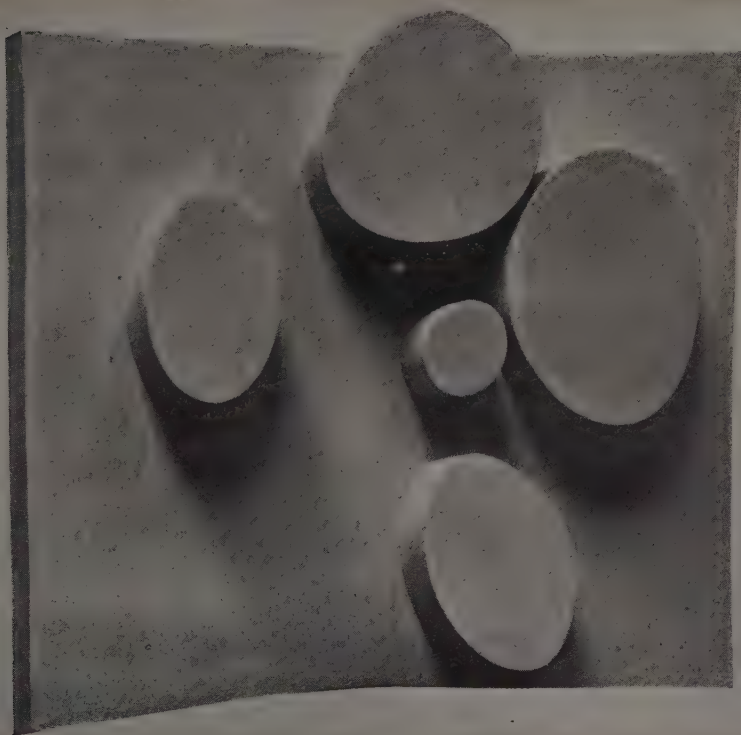
As early as 1908 Arp had been occupied with the problem of deformation and the deliverance of art from servile imitation. During a prolonged stay in Weggis (Switzerland, 1908-9), Arp founded the 'Moderner Bund' together with some Swiss artists. They hoped to manifest their ideas by means of gatherings and public exhibitions. However, the most decisive influence Arp experienced was when he came into contact with the well-known 'Blaue Reiter', a group founded in Munich (1912) by Kandinsky, Klee, Feininger and others. Even today Arp himself regards Kandinsky's inspiring personality next to Ball's ascetic fervour as one of the crucial experiences of his life. The friendship that developed between them was cut short by the recent death of Kandinsky in Paris. There is a side of Arp's creative activity, one that is far too often ignored, which shows how deeply Kandinsky's early wood-engravings stimulated him, and to what extent he succeeded in transcribing them into a language completely his own: his engravings. These beautiful wood-engravings often accompanied the poetry of many Dada publications, as well as his own books, and those of Tristan Tzara and Benjamin Peret. Whereas Kandinsky's early wood-engravings are explosive and full of the spontaneity of flaming handwriting, those of Arp seem to flow endlessly notwithstanding their firm structural composition. The more silent and lyrical nature of Arp stands out vividly from the dramatic passion of Kandinsky. To the rhythmic flow of lines, Arp adds an interplay of essential forms, a strong proportioning of black-and-white masses. From now on he tends more and more towards what can perhaps most adequately be described as structural growth, surely the most characteristic element in Arp's art.

Hugo Ball, his burlesque Dada days over, turned towards religion, as the romantic mind of Novalis had done before him, in order to curb a civilization out for progress and foster in its place something more spiritual and mystical. Arp, however, who had moved to Paris-Meudon in 1926, where he participated enthusiastically with the Surrealists for four years, turned from the burlesque as his primary mode of expression to what he calls 'concretions', bold transmutations of natural and human growth into a plastic language of universal simplicity. Whilst the 'reliefs' of Arp's



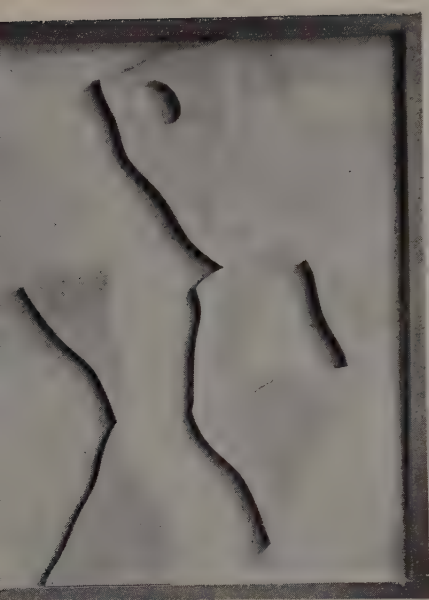
'Swimming Flying'. 1930

Collection Brugière



Objects placed according to the laws of chance. 1931

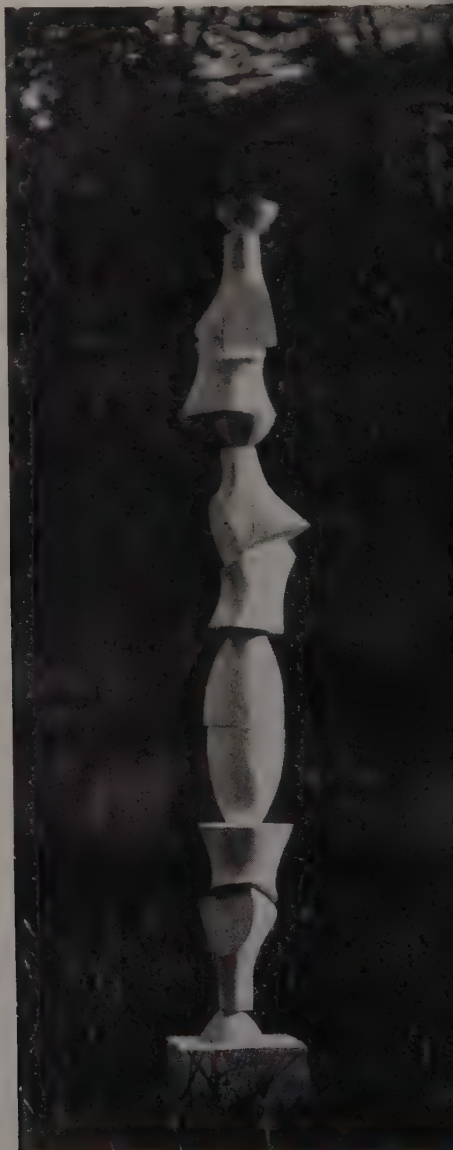
Collection Nelly van Doesburg



White flowers built for
one who died. 1943

Collection Margret Hagenbach, Bâle

The Tower, Plaster
1942-1945



earliest period are infused with the weird atmosphere of the incidental and fragmentary, the totally plastic works that ensue seem to belong immediately to nature itself, their elementary plastic language is somehow permeated with the primary forces of growth, movement and change. Arp never resorts to a mere copying of nature, for he acquired a mode of expression analogous to that of nature itself. 'Art is a fruit that grows out of Man like the fruit out of a plant or the child out of its mother. But whereas the fruit of a plant acquires completely independent forms and never resembles a balloon or a president in a cutaway suit, the artistic fruit of Man generally shows a ridiculous resemblance to the appearance of other things. Reason tells Man to stand above nature and to be the measure of all things. Reason has divorced Man from nature.

'Owing to reason Man has become a tragic and hideous figure.

'I love nature but never nature's surrogate.'

Already in the first three-dimensional pieces of sculpture of the early Meudon period, Arp began to introduce a new kind of monumentality in which *création naturelle* and *création humaine* are amalgamated. Paradox and irony are absorbed in favour of a more complete participation of human values with life and nature. The sharp structural element, far from becoming an end in itself, even stresses through contrast the structural growth of the earlier period. He desired 'to inject into the vain and bestial world and its retinue, the machine, something peaceful and vegetative'.

Earlier in life Arp had started out from the material itself, trying to bring to the surface plastically its autonomous and latent forces. Later, as time went on, he began, as it were, to choose and direct his materials quite freely, more and more confident that higher human values really exist. The sudden death of Arp's wife, Sophie Täuber, the integrity and stern consistency of whose works (1915-43) had inspired him all through his creative struggle, should be mentioned here, as it hastened a development that was already in progress. Instead of the *papiers collés*, Arp now concentrated on *papiers déchirés* introducing a transitory element for the first time. The vulnerability of materials at the hand of time is anticipated as an intrinsic component. This attitude towards time which interests Picasso physically and psychologically, in the form

of simultaneity and movement, is brought to a direct plastic expression.

In 1943 Arp made several wood and marble reliefs which for the first time showed a marked angularity as though something had been shattered. The flowing interplay of positive mass-forms and the negative space-forms is maintained, although we are conscious of the kind of vacuum that follows shock. This interlude of dispersed angularity recalls the severe early *collages*, as well as the nervous *papier déchirés* of later years, in which transient things and death are directly absorbed.

No doubt the most specifically stressed quality in Arp's art is the interpenetration of natural growth phantastically transformed and clear mathematical structure. The floating cell-like forms—primary units of growth—are distilled, reshaped into consciousness as they pass through the artist. Arp's proximity to elementary worlds, such as those of the child and pre-history, is inherent, as it is with Klee and Miro, and never programmatic.

In contrast to Arp's weird and dormant forms, which seem to belong to other stratas of consciousness, those of Constantine Brancusi have something mediterranean: they emerge with incredible splendour from the material in which they are carved, and should be visualized in the open-air greatly enlarged, as great symbols for the enlightenment of the people. Arp's forms are fraternally tied to the flowers, leaves and stones of the world; Brancusi's are full of the vastness of the seas, mountains and sky.

The 'Tower' (1942-5) should be mentioned here, as it shows once more how Arp lets organic and architectural elements oscillate. There is an endless interplay of forms and proportions between one mass and the next. Convertible and loose-jointed, the component parts, although themselves completely individual, form when added together a surprising entity that has no beginning and no end.

It is perhaps conclusive to note that the synthesis which Arp has succeeded in establishing between the natural and the consciously structural, between chance and law, has caused artists belonging to the most divergent groups within the modern movement to acknowledge his achievement.

In the eyes of Piet Mondrian, whose works are the result of a more mathematical and architectural mind, *les formes neutres de*

Arp, qui tombent sur un fond neutre en dehors de toute détermination¹ meant a confirmation of his own elementary and universal 'neoplastic' compositions. Every trace of figurative representation, every particular form is eliminated in favour of a rectangular juxtaposition of straight lines and pure colours, *la nouvelle culture des rapports purs*.

The surrealist Max Ernst on the other hand, whose paintings often have a marked literary content and are as complex as his vision of reality, which is at once magically haunted, subliminal, and scientific, underlines Arp's hypnotical language. 'He attracts and reflects the most secret, the most revealing rays of the universe. . . . His forms carry us back to forgotten paradises. They teach us to understand the language spoken by the universe itself.'²

That two artists so diametrically opposed as Mondrian and Ernst should join hands in their acknowledgement of Arp is surely very significant. In fact, the answer to this paradox is the key to Arp's art which, it must unhesitatingly be admitted here, is one of the purest creative achievements of our time. That this should be so is largely due to a rare sensibility with which he is able to penetrate and disclose the mysteries of the natural world in forms so elementary and structurally precise, that they seem to belong to the origins of existence. His art spans aeons, reflecting what is constant and constantly changing.

¹ Piet Mondrian: *L'Art Nouveau et la Vie Nouvelle*, 1931. Arp's collaboration with the famous Dutch review *De Stijl*, started and edited by Theo van Doesburg, one of the most inspiring buttresses of the whole movement, as well as the collective achievement in the *Aubette* (Strasbourg, 1926), for which van Doesburg, Arp, and Sophie Täuber-Arp executed the magnificent murals, show how excellently these two very different modes of expression can be combined.

² Max Ernst, *Art of This Century Exhibition*, New York, 1944.

[Translated by A. E. VAN EYCK]

ROBERT PENN WARREN

HER OWN PEOPLE

FISHILY, he stared at the high ceiling, where grey plaster, delicately ringed by marks of old damp, was still shadowy, although bright sunshine struck into the room between cracks in the drawn blue curtains. Between the cracks in the curtain small waxy leaves were visible, brushing against the window pane.

'Get up,' the voice beside him said without much friendliness.

'I've got a slight head,' he complained, still looking at the ceiling. A single fly, torpid, clung to the grey plaster directly above him, and he watched it.

'Last night you said it was the best corn we'd had.'

'Did I say that?' He threw back the covers and let his feet drop to the floor, while he lay on his back, looking up. 'I made a mistake then. And it's Sunday.'

'If I'm doing the cooking from now on,' the voice said, 'you've got to help some.'

'I'll help,' he said and got up. He stood in the middle of the big room, surveyed the room once helplessly, and pulled off his pyjama jacket. He was not very tall, but thick in the body. A purplish scar ran diagonally down the relaxed stomach, which pressed against the pyjama string, and lost itself in the crisp black hairs. Meditatively he slipped his short forefinger along the scar. 'My appendix is getting better. It doesn't look so much like bad blue carbon on yellow back-sheet any more.'

'It's better'—there was a stir from the bed—'but you're getting a stomach. If you get a stomach you've got to move out. There will be no stomachs in my house.'

'It's because the muscles haven't knitted up yet,' he said, and fingered the scar. 'You haven't got any sympathy.' He crossed to the dresser and studied himself in the mirror. 'I can take it off right away,' he said, patting it.

'Spading up the rest of the garden will take it off.'

'I can't spade today. I'm paid to dish political dirt for the *Advocate*, not spade gardens. Spading is a luxury.'

'You can spade an hour,' she said.

'Look at my eyes,' and he squinted closer to the mirror, 'you can tell I've got a head.'

'Spading will help your head.'

He got a pair of corduroy trousers and a sweat shirt from the big walnut wardrobe in the corner, and put them on. For a minute he regarded the hump of bedclothes from which a few strands of blond hair strayed out on the pillow.

'Aren't you getting up?' he said. 'I want some breakfast.'

'You start the fire in the stove.'

Without haste he hunted for something about the room, standing in the middle of the floor to look all round, then on hands and knees peering under the bed. One hand touched the blue dress that lay on the floor by the bed, and he picked it up. Under it the bedroom slippers lay. 'You hid my slippers with your dress,' he said, holding out the sky-blue dress, which dangled from his large hairy hand. 'You ride me about not hanging my things up, and you go and throw your dress on the floor. On my slippers.'

'Well,' the voice said, 'whose fault was it I threw it down last night?'

'Well,' he said, and put on the slippers, and went out the door.

When he came back from the garden, grasping the new wet lettuce in his hands, she was ready to put slices of ham into a skillet on the stove. She wore a green gingham dress, her hair, yellowish in the sun from the kitchen windows, falling loose and uncombed over the crisp green cloth. Her bare feet were stuck into dirty buckskin oxfords, from which the untied laces trailed out. He leaned over the sink, washing the lettuce, leaf by leaf, then laying it on a towel. She stood beside him for an instant, too slender, almost skinny, and as tall as he was; then she turned to the stove with the bowl of eggs.

When it was ready they carried the food on platters into the dining room, where bright sun pouring from the open windows showed the full disorder. The split-bottom chairs were scattered about, one on its side. Dishes on the table held remnants of anchovy sandwiches, about which, without much interest, a fly buzzed. All sorts of glasses cluttered the sideboard, the mantelpiece, and the uneven stone hearth before the dead fireplace. 'My God,' she breathed, balancing the platter of ham, 'my God, why do people have parties?' Then, with nervous angular gestures, she set the platter down, swept off one end of the table, and laid two plates.

She ate hungrily, he slowly in dull, dutiful distaste. While she

ate, she kept looking about her at the objects of the room, examining them with a resentful curious glance. 'We just can't have any more parties,' she finally said.

'Suits me fine,' he said.

'Not with all this mess next morning.'

He looked about him with an air of discovery. 'We might get some new friends. Some nice refined lady and gentlemen drinkers who wouldn't make a mess. I might run an ad. in the *Advocate*.'

'The friend I want this morning,' she said, and glared at the old anchovy sandwiches, 'is Viola. My God, why did she have to up and leave right now?'

'Once a nigger goes sour, it's all up. I told you that.'

'I suppose you're right. And I'm worn out with all my lovers' quarrels with her.'

'She'll want to come back in a week,' he said. Then, critically surveying the room: 'And you'll take her back, all right.'

'I told her if she went it was the last time.'

'We ought never brought her up here from Alabama,' he said in gloom. 'I told you at the time too.' He got up from the table and crossed to the fireplace. From the mantel, among the clutter of glasses, he picked up a pipe, and lighted the half-burned tobacco in its bowl. Smoke from his short thick nostrils spun out in the sunlight.

Mournfully, she looked at him. 'She was the cleanest nigger I ever saw,' she said in some reproach. 'She was so clean that when she was a little girl, she says she wouldn't sit on the ground with the other little niggers, she sat on a plate.'

'She ought to go back home to Alabama and sit on a plate.'

'She is going home. She can't stay here with that old hussy or Jake's wife charging her nine dollars for a week while we went off and it's the only place she can stay. Nine dollars, when we only pay her six. God, it makes me furious. I told the milk boy I was furious just so he'd tell Jake's wife.'

'You needn't take it out on me,' he said, regarding her out-thrust nervous hands and her flushed cheeks. 'You look like you were mad at me.'

'I'm mad at that bitch,' she said, suddenly more composed. 'She's just trying to drive Viola off because she's jealous of that beautiful Jake of hers. She just doesn't like Viola. And she doesn't like me. You ought to hear the things Viola says she says about me.'

Not answering, he turned to the open window. Beyond the rail fence of the yard, where strands of buckberry bushes exhibited the faintest trace of green, the little valley fell sharply away. The lane went down the valley, bordered on one side by trees; the new flat leaves hung very still and bright. 'The trouble is,' he finally said, 'that Viola is a white-folks nigger.'

'She's ashamed of her nigger blood, all right.'

'She hasn't got too much nigger blood in her to be ashamed of. I bet she's cousin to a long line of drunken Alabama statesmen.'

'She says niggers are dirty.'

'Well,' he said amiably, 'aren't they?'

She rose abruptly from the table, glanced in despair at the articles on it and at his broad back, then straightened herself. 'I wish I had a dirty nigger here right now.' She seized a plate in each hand and started for the kitchen. 'Come on,' she ordered, 'you too.'

He picked up two plates, and followed her. Returning, he got two more, but paused as he passed the window. 'Hey, Annabelle,' he called, 'here comes Jake! He's got on his Sunday clothes, too.'

'Let him come.'

There was the sound of water running in the kitchen. He stood by the window, holding the plates, and looked down the valley. Below him the tall black-coated figure moved slowly up the lane, moving with unhurried dignity beside the new-leaved trees. He watched until the figure had passed out of vision from the window, then he went through the kitchen, where she bent over the steaming sink, and out the back.

Standing on the top of the back steps, he said: 'Hello, Jake.'

'Good morning, Mr. Allen,' the Negro said, and approached the steps in his slow dignified pace. He stopped at the bottom of the steps, took off his black felt hat, and smiled gravely. 'Kin I speak to Miz Allen?' he said.

'I'll see.' He went inside.

'What does he want?' she demanded.

'He says he wants to talk to you.'

'Bring him in the dining room.'

He put his head out the kitchen door and called: 'Jake, you come on in here.'

The Negro man came in through the kitchen, bending his head

at the door frame, treading very softly on the faded blue carpet on the dining-room floor.

'Good morning, Jake,' she said to him, and sank down in a chair at the table, laying her damp bony hands out on the cloth before her.

'Good morning, Miz Allen,' he said.

She waited, looking at him. He stood carefully in the exact centre of the open space between the table and sideboard, holding his hat decorously in his hand. He wore jean pants, pale blue from washings, and a black Prince Albert coat drooping from his high shoulders. A big gold watch chain hung across the black vest, which was too loose for him and not long enough. 'Miz Allen,' he said oratorically. Then he smiled, again gravely, but with no apology. 'Miz Allen, I ain't accustomed to mess in no woman's affairs, but they's something I oughter tell you.'

'All right, Jake', she said.

'Hit's this girl, Viola. She done said a lie about my wife and me. She done said to you we charged her nine dollars that week you and Mr. Allen went off and she ate down there with us.'

'That's what she said,' she agreed in some weariness. 'And I gave her three dollars extra, I felt so sorry for her.'

'That girl, Viola, she ain't said the truth. My wife never charged her no nine dollars,' he said sadly. 'We'se charged her seventy-five cents a week for that room, Miz Allen, that's ev'y God's penny. And when she eat there my wife done said thirty cents a day, that oughter be enough.' He stood patiently in the open space, his brown face, with the silky drooping moustache, decorous and unexpected.

'So she lied to me,' the girl at the table said after a little.

'Yassum,' he said, 'she lied. I dunno what else you might call hit.'

'She wanted me to give her that three dollars, and I gave it to her.'

'Yassum, she wanted that three dollars, I reckon.' He hesitated and cleared his throat. 'Miz Allen,' he shifted his hat to the other hand, and continued, 'I reckon I know what she wanted hit for.'

'Yes?'

'She got herself a new coat. The other day she brought hi to the house and showed my wife hit. A grey coat what's got fu on hit too.'

'A new coat!' She got up from the table, jarring the dishes that remained there. 'My Lord, a new coat. She didn't need a new coat. And she lied to me to get three dollars. After all the clothes I've given her this year. Jake, you've seen those clothes, haven't you?'

'I seed 'em,' he said. 'She brought 'em to the house.'

'I gave her a coat too.'

'Yassum, she didn't need no more clothes. She doan never go nowhere I knows of no way. She just comes in er-nights and gits herself all dressed up in them clothes you give her and combs her hair. She doan go nowhere, she just sets there in that room a time then she gits in the bed.'

'She hasn't got any friends, I know,' she said.

'She doan ack like she wants no friends,' Jake said.

The young white man, who leaned against the kitchen door, took the pipe from his mouth and wagged it at them. 'The trouble,' he said morosely, 'is that we ought never brought her from Alabama away from her people.'

The Negro pondered a moment, stroking his silky long moustache with a forefinger. 'Maybe so,' he admitted, 'maybe she might do right well with her people. But she ain't my wife's and my kind of people. You ast anybody round here. We tries to do the fair and God-fearing thing towards ev'ybody, be he white or black. You ast anybody.'

'I'm glad to know you all didn't charge her that nine dollars,' she said.

'No ma'm. And we never wanted her no how. We owns our house and lot and I gits plenty work carpentering and bricklaying to git along. We ain't never wanted her. But I says to my wife, she's a girl a long way from home amongst strangers in a strange country. But we never wanted her.' He intoned the words like a speech memorized, holding his black felt hat in his hands, looking straight out from his height over the head of the woman who stood before him. 'She cain't stay no longer, lying like she done.'

'She quit me last night, Jake. When some people were coming to a party too,' she said bitterly. 'And I won't take her back this time either like I did before.'

'She cain't stay at my house no more. I reckon she better go.'

'I reckon so,' she said.

He backed toward the kitchen door, sliding his flat heels

soundlessly over the carpet, saying as he did so, 'She better git back to her own people, wherever she come from.' In the kitchen he paused and fumbled with his hat as if trying to remember just one more thing to say.

'Jake,' the woman said, her face suddenly hard and pointed, 'you tell Viola to come up here. Right away this morning.'

'Yassum.'

'Don't tell her what for, just send her up here.'

'Yassum.'

'All right, Jake.'

He lingered in the kitchen a moment, still deliberating. Then he said, 'Good morning, Miz Allen,' and walked out the back way, shutting the porch door very gently behind him.

At the almost inaudible sound of the door closing she seemed to relax a little, sinking again into the chair by the table. 'My God,' she said, 'the fool goes and spends all her money for a coat. When she's got a coat, and when I've been trying all winter to make her save.'

'Niggers,' he remarked with some unction, and stood straddle-legged in the space by the sideboard. 'Niggers'—he paused to give the pipe a precautionary suck—'know how to live. Just like the good book says, Man does not live by bread alone. Now Viola works all winter and you teach her to save money and when she gets it saved she knows what to do with it.'

'Oh hush up, Bill.' Distraught and unhappy, she sat at the table, working her bony fingers back and forth on the rough cloth.

'She got herself a new coat. Now that nigger's got a sense of values.'

'She's got a sense of values all right. She got three dollars out of me.'

'My little philanthropist,' he said, and seized a dish of mangled crumby sandwiches and stamped toward the kitchen.

'Your little sucker,' she said, and followed him.

He was sitting on the side porch off the dining room, leaning an elbow by the typewriter on the big unpainted table, when she came up the lane. When she passed just a little distance below him, her beanpole-thin crooked legs working methodically over the rough ground, her body bent forward and her hands at her breast as if poked into an invisible muff, he pretended not to see

putting his face down toward the typewriter. His wife came out on the porch, a cigarette in her hand.

'There she is,' she said.

'I saw her all right,' he said. 'She's got her new coat on.'

'What'll I say to her!'

'Hell fire, you got her up here. I didn't.'

'What'll I say?'

'Tell her she's a thief and a liar, and that you love her like a sister and want her to wash the dishes.'

The old plowpoints hanging as weights for the gate chinked as the gate fell to. The Negro woman stood just inside the gate and regarded the porch with a gaze of meek question. 'Come here, Viola,' the woman on the porch said; and she came slowly.

She stopped at the foot of the steps, still mute and questioning, her hands still at her breast.

'Come up here, Viola.'

She came up the steps. 'Good morning, Miz Allen,' she said, and her fingers absently brushed the grey fur on the open coat collar.

'You've got a new coat, Viola.'

'Yassum,' the Negro said, letting her hands drop with a delayed empty gesture.

'It's a pretty coat, Viola.'

'I fancied hit,' the Negro woman said. 'I seed a girl one time outer my winder and she had on a grey dress and grey shoes and a grey coat and hat . . . all grey . . .' She lifted her pale copperish face, and gazed at the woman from out yellowish eyes which, though depthless like an animal's, expressed a certain solicitude, a resignation. The woman met the gaze, put her cigarette to her lips, then puffed the smoke straight out into the air, with no pleasure. Suddenly she turned aside to the porch rail, leaning against it. 'Viola,' she said decisively, and hesitated. In a stiff-armed abrupt motion she flung the burning stub down to the yard, where it sent up a faint trail of smoke from the midst of new grass and the tattered winter-old spikes of sage. She swung round to face the Negro. 'Viola, you said Jake's wife charged you nine dollars that week we went off.'

'Yassum.'

'That's what you said.'

'Yassum, I did.'

'Jake,' the woman said, confronting the mild yellow eyes, 'he's been up here and he said they didn't charge you nine dollars.'

The face, the gazing yellow eyes, were unchanged and impassive.

'He said he charged you seventy-five cents a week for that room and thirty cents a day when you ate there. Is that right?'

'Yassum.'

'You say yassum!' A spasm of irritation swept over the woman's features, leaving them hurt and hard. 'You lied to me. What made you lie?'

'That warn't no lie, Miz Allen.'

'I don't know what else you'd call it. A lie's when you don't tell the truth.' She fell into the patience of explanation, then pulled up sharply: 'You lied.'

'That warn't no lie, Miz Allen.'

'Don't contradict me, Viola!'

The man at the table scraped the chair back, got up, bumping himself on the table, and went into the house.

'You lied,' she continued, still hard, 'because you wanted money out of me. Three dollars. You wanted to buy a coat. You stole three dollars.'

The Negro woman began to move her head from side to side, not seekingly, but with an almost imperceptible motion like a sick animal annoyed by flies. 'I ain't never stole nothing,' she said.

'You stole from me,' the woman said, weakening a little, leaning against the porch rail. 'After all I've done for you. After all the clothes I've given you. I gave you that dress you've got on, and it's a good dress.'

'Yassum.' She looked down at the green silk that hung in folds too big for her over the flat chest. 'I kin give 'em back,' she said.

'I don't want them back. I just want you to know I've been good to you and that you lied and stole. That's all the thankfulness you've got.'

'I se got thankfulness,' she said.

The woman took the cigarette from the pocket of the green gingham and tried to light it, plunging its end into the shaking flame of the match, putting the match out. She removed the

blackened cigarette from her lips and held it in her hand, which trembled a little. 'I can't find my blue cook-book, Viola,' she said. 'Now I want you to go in there and find it.' Her voice was certain now.

The Negro moved across the porch and into the house, her bowed legs setting the feet down on the boards with a sort of painful accuracy, so that the heels twisted over at each step. The woman watched her go in, then lighted the cigarette and spewed the smoke out greyly before her face.

The Negro came back, holding the blue cook-book out dangling as if her wrist were too weak to support it. 'Here 'tis,' she said. 'Hit war just where I done left hit. Where it belong,' she added, and her small features twitched into something near a tentative, deprecatory smile. Then the smile dissipated, and the features sank into their meekness.

The woman took the book. 'Now, Viola, I want you to go away. You haven't treated me right. And you haven't treated right these Negroes round here who've tried to be nice to you, taking you in and inviting you to their parties and things.' She looked off down the valley, speaking quickly and harshly. 'You go away. You better go back to Alabama to your own people.'

'Wellum,' she said without any tone, and turned down the steps.

The woman came to the edge of the porch. 'Go away,' she said. 'I don't ever want to see you again.'

Slowly the Negro went down the uneven brick part towards the gate. At the gate she stopped, fingering the weather-grey palings. Then she looked round. 'I wouldn' never say that 'bout you, Miz Allen,' she said. 'I wants to see you.' She went out the gate and methodically down the hill.

The woman sat on the top step sucking her cigarette. Her husband came out the door. 'Fire her?' he said unsympathetically.

'I sent her away. But you'—she looked accusingly—'you would go off and leave me to do the dirty work. You always do.'

'I couldn't bear to watch you in action,' he said amicably. 'I've got a very sensitive nature.' He tapped the typewriter several times aimlessly. 'What did you say?' he said.

'It was awful,' she said. 'I acted awful.' She got up and moved to the open door. 'I just behaved like some old self-righteous Methodist slut.'

'You went to Sunday School, didn't you?'

She smoked her cigarette down to the dead end, jerked the paper loose from the flesh of her lip, and crushed the ash out against the door frame. 'And I ended up,' she said, 'saying I never wanted to see her again.'

He spaced the sheet in the typewriter for another paragraph, then leaned back. He said: 'Well, you don't have to, you know.'

Going down the hill, the heavy old car groaned and slithered in the gravel ruts, where water ran down from level to level, yellow and flecked by whitish foam. It was still raining, hard and straight down, for there was no wind in the valley. The new leaves on the trees by the lane hung limp and beaten under the steady impact.

'I come home,' he said bitterly, 'and you drag me out in this again.'

'I suppose you think I love it.'

When he had steered the car, clattering, over the loose planks of the bridge, beneath which the creek boiled hollowly against the stone supports, he said: 'I'm fed up with those niggers.'

'Well, Jake sent a boy up there through all this rain to say to come down: it was important.'

'All right, all right,' he said; 'we're going, aren't we?'

They drew into the highway, where the asphalt was slick and black, glittering dully. The rain had let up a little. Down the highway two hundred yards, the house stood, bare and boxlike on its tall stone foundations, the roof sodden black beneath two oak trees that were not yet leafing. The man and the woman picked their way across the yard, which showed no grass, only flat packed earth where the water stood in little pools giving forth no reflection.

He knocked on the door, and stepped aside so that his wife occupied the space before it. The tall Negro, wearing overalls now and in sock feet, opened it. 'Good evening, Miz Allen,' he said. 'I'se much obliged to you for coming, and hit raining like this.'

'What is it, Jake?'

'Hit's that girl Viola,' he said. He moved back, and they followed him inside. A Negro woman, black and angular in the face, rose from beside the stove in the centre of the room, nodded

stiffly and pushed a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles up on her forehead. 'Hit's that girl,' she said.

'What is it?' the woman said.

'She's done got in the bed and she won't get up. I done tole her she's gotta go, but she won't say nothing. She just lays there. Going on three days.' She paused a moment, breathless and truculent, then spoke more moderately. 'You kin see how it is.'

'I'll talk to her.'

The Negro woman stood with her hand on the knob of the door to another room. 'You tell her, Miz Allen, she's gotta go.'

The curtains at the window were almost drawn, only a little light coming in to mark the rocking chair where clothes and the grey coat were piled, the table by the wall, and the bed. She lay in the bed, on her back, with the sheet pulled up to her chin. When they entered, her eyes rolled to fix on them for a second, then slowly again looked at the ceiling.

'Viola,' the woman said.

The woman on the bed said nothing, her face with no expression.

'Viola, you talk to me now.' She went closer, putting her hand on the straight chair by the bed. On the chair a bucket of water stood, beside it a piece of cheese and an open box of crackers. 'Do you hear me? Answer me!'

'I hears you.'

'Now, Viola, you get up. You're making yourself sick.'

She shook the chair impatiently. 'Cheese and crackers for three days!'

The old Negro woman came closer, sticking her knotty black face out ocularly in the dim light. 'You tell her she's gotta go,' she said.

'You hear that, Viola? You're not treating these people right. You've got to go.'

'I hears,' the woman on the bed said, still looking at the ceiling.

'I'll buy you a ticket home. On the bus. But you've got to go.'

'I'se got money,' she said.

The white woman looked down at her for a minute, at the body under the tightly pulled sheet. 'You can't stay here,' she added.

'Yassum,' the voice said from the bed.

'Now you get up from there and go right away. You hear me!'

'Yassum.'

'Goodbye, Viola,' she said; but there was no answer. She went into the other room, where the two men waited.

'Is she gonna go, Miz Allen?' the Negro man asked.

'I think so. She said she would, Jake.'

'She ain't going neither,' the Negro woman interrupted savagely. 'She just says yassum. You tell her she's gotta go. I ain't having nobody laying up in the bed in my house like that. You gotta tell . . .'

'You be quiet, Josie,' the Negro man ordered.

'I've done what I can,' the woman said. She took a bill from her purse and laid it on the table. 'That's for her bus,' she said, and went out on the porch where her husband already was. She laid her hand on his arm. The Negro man followed them, carefully shutting the door after him. 'Miz Allen,' he said, hesitantly, but not in embarrassment, 'my wife didn' mean nothin' talking like that. She's just worrit, and all. That girl layin' up there.'

'It's all right, Jake.'

They went down the steps and got into the car. It had stopped raining altogether now, and to the right of the highway the rays of the sun, now almost at setting, lay over the field of young wheat. They turned up the lane and over the plank bridge, beside the trees whose topmost leaves glistened in the level light. 'It's right pitiful,' she finally said, 'thinking of her lying up there.'

He slammed the gears into second for the grade.

'I'm fed up,' he said.

'Then what the hell you think I am?' she said.

JOHN MACKWOOD

EACH CITIZEN AS HIS OWN CRIMINAL AND JUDGE

THERE is an old Latin tag about times changing and we being altered in them. The world is experiencing time changes and there is a feverish unrest and underground stirring as though some kind of renaissance were at work such as was experienced in the fifteenth century. It seems as if Nature has these periodical rhythms in what appears to us to be her long sleep. Biologists have something to tell us about the latter part of the quotation for they bring evidence of conceptual man having the power within himself to affect something of the very nature of change itself.

In the synthetic summary of the biological survey Julian Huxley, in his book *Evolution*, has thrown out a great challenge when he writes that there appear to be two main ways of progress or survival for man: (a) a greater control over his external environment and (b) a greater independence of changes in the environment. The latter alternative can scarcely mean a withdrawal from participation in his environment and must include sociological and psychological implications. And if we include these implications it means that man will need to gain a greater understanding and control over his inner world of feelings, strivings, impulses, etc., in response to change in his environment, as part of a survival value. Huxley has indeed been almost prophetic for we were shortly after faced with just this problem in the Atom Bomb, and to what ends it is to be put.

We are all moving forward in time with its experienced flow from past to future and our consciousness—each moment of here-now—expands accordingly. But there are different rates of flow. And those who move more slowly become relatively static and would, in time, become a brake-mechanism on the others if they ever got to be a decisive majority. There is a commonly accepted charm in lingering over what is pleasant and in not wanting it to pass and slip away, or when it has gone in wanting to get it back and recapture the past. No doubt this is a persistence of pleasant experience practised in infancy where

time seemed to be static and it was felt to be 'forever afternoon'. The curious thing is that the same effect operates for some wholly unpleasant and intolerable memories from infancy in many individuals. It would be easily understandable if one resisted only unpleasant changes and practised only the pleasant recall of memory, but would seem illogical, without any apparent compulsion, to persist in the retention of unhappy times. Probably both have the same psychological import for it is one of the commonest traits in neurotic behaviour to find that the psychologically 'fixated' individual has an unconscious need to be *forced*; and this applies to the too contented immature personality as well as to the individual who tells you he would do anything to get out of his mess and suffering state.

It is always the potential energy of a people with its intrinsic values that evolves a Society with its instruments and institutions, and not primarily what Society thinks, that shapes its fabric. Today conceptual man has reached a state of development where he can have a definite contribution of choice in regard to the kind of community he wants to live in. The pressure for needed laws and reforms in the social fabric for the most part come up from below. Hitler was no dark force brooding over Germany but a *Zeitgeist* and articulate expression of latent forces that had barely been kept under for many years. The function of administrators and experts is to formulate and apply the laws and to act as a safety brake to ensure that the experiment does not get out of hand. In this country there is commonly a time-lag between a change that is first envisaged and its passing into law, and this serves as some insurance against the unforeseen results of too hasty legislation. To us it seems impossible that we could 'go dry' overnight, so to speak, as occurred in the U.S.A., with all its repercussions. But in times of crisis and during the long war just over every citizen was content to relinquish some of his functions and accept immediate and sweeping changes whilst he got on with the business of making the world once more safe to live in and develop democratic ways of social life.

New laws are always being passed and wartime has entailed a large and swift increase to meet special changes; and all this legislation has meant a greater number of offenders against Society. Quite apart from wartime, however, every democratic

State has found a steadily increasing prison population. This might mean that men are trying to be better than they can yet attain to, or it may mean that we are not as good as we ought to be. But if the majority of citizens approve of their laws and are active in supporting them or in bringing them about it looks as if there are too many antisocial misfits in their midst. If this is so, there are both ends—ways and means—to the problem; there is Society at one end that produces offenders and Society at the other end that deals with them. The two ends cannot be dealt with in isolation, but here I am mainly concerned with the questions of dealing with the offender, our attitude to him, and whether the means are as fruitful as they could be.

By and large our fabric of social relations has developed and grown round the central theme of 'keeping the peace', and we have vested our individual rights and powers of Jungle Law in the Legislature and in the strong arm of the Law as represented by the Police Force. Aggressive impulses are rightly regarded as the most reprehensible constituent of man's very imperfect nature, but all of us tend to put on metaphorical blinkers that shut out what we do not want to see in ourselves. Even so we often barely conceal our primitive feelings of vengeance and desire for punishment of the evil-doer when we demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, often irrespective of the merits and circumstances of the case. Paradoxes there must always be with our two different forms of reality that operate 'as if' and 'as such'; these start when the static time of infancy begins to flow perceptually past — future and 'contradictions' come in. One too common way of avoiding the difficulty in social problems is to 'pass the buck' to someone else who 'understands these things'. To give an example of what I mean by paradox and man's innate desire for vengeance: there are many offences that are classified as 'Misdemeanours', and large numbers of such offenders are extremely timid and unaggressive personalities. But their acts give rise to fierce resentment in the observers whose sense of propriety and taste is grossly offended. The offender is apprehended in order to keep the peace, for otherwise the 'good' citizen might take the law into his own hands. But mark! It is the 'good' citizen who is here the aggressive one. Of course it is entirely correct that the offender should be apprehended, for his act is, to say the least of it, literally antisocial.

But it is frequently not a criminal act involving aggressive or destructive impulses, even unconsciously. It is difficult to see how the same punishment, if suitable for the one case, can be expected to be suitable for the other if deterrence is part of the aim.

There is in each one of us a trinity that represents the whole fabric of Society, and each one of us creeps along the history of his race and plays the role of all the components in turn. There is the offender against the law, the judge, and the social citizen. Each one of us has his buried infantile criminal impulses, his *alter ego* or conscience, and his citizen ego with its obligations to act as jurymen, a good man and true. Whilst no one who has given serious thought to the subject would allow that crime is inherited, very few would deny that the infant responds to frustration with hate impulses that would lead to serious crimes if it were not so helpless and unable to act. Our social personality is the outcome of training and interaction of the baby with the actual circumstances of its environment and family constellation, and the growing child takes this experience with him and applies it in the enlarging world outside his own home. In the course of this development, and largely subscribing to the emergent personality, a primitive conscience starts as early as the age of two years. It originates in the parent-figures which become internalized, though often out of all proportion to the actual facts of the case through the distortion by the hallucinatory and fantastic imaginative faculty of infancy. Much of this primitive conscience may remain dynamically potent as a residue in the adult.

From the first, this early *alter ego* wars with the criminal impulses that surge up from within and all kinds of results may follow, but the emergent personality depends to an enormous extent on how this struggle goes. The quality of our internal judge depends on how much active residue there is of the primitive parent-conscience with its irrational fears. Much unhappiness, impoverishment of personality and energy may ensue; and much deplorable and bizarre behaviour also.

Our attitude to individual offenders and their disposal will thus depend on the relative strengths of the component parts of this trinity within ourselves: these will be our complexes. We shall have a 'thing'—to use modern slang—about this and that

which will be reflected in our demands for laws and for the disposal of antisocial and criminal members of the community. It would, for example, be quite foolish to mete out *only* punishment to an offender who had a 'hanging judge' within himself, because the punishment awarded by the Court might be so much less than he habitually receives from himself that the former would be almost a solace by comparison; he might very well unconsciously invite this to get away from his own inner judge. This is no exaggeration or flight of fancy.

Guilt and punishment is a sequence we all know and have experienced. Some people habitually suffer from too great a sense of guilt, but cannot say just what it is they have done. Others who would clearly benefit from an increased sense of guilt for their acts, appear to be insensitive and to lack a moral sense. We know that if a child wishes or imagines some act this often has the same reality of experience as in the adult for the factual commission of a forbidden act, and it will feel guilty 'as if' it had actually committed the act. There may be no end to this neurotic process until the mystery has been cleared up, but habit is often established first. When a child receives expected punishment for the conscious breaking of a rule it knows, this commonly wipes out the guilt over the offence and it comes back into favour; and it may thus learn not to repeat it because the security of approval comes to mean a greater value. But in penology, if punishment were *only* to provide a freedom from guilt it would clearly have no preventive effect at all, whereas this is contrary to experience in some cases. We add to our rationale of punishment that it serves as a warning to others not to do likewise, but here again we have to admit that it is frequently against the facts. And what of neurotic guilt? Is this due to some lack of satisfaction in its (self-inflicted) punishment, or to too much satisfaction? As Professor Flugel points out in 'Man, Morals and Society' the most frequent cause of neurosis is due to frustration of instinctual urges and impulses more than to the absence of 'punishment', and that these are big problems on which we have only inadequate light at present.

It looks as if a research into the interactions of the trinity of Criminal, Judge and Society in ourselves may provide the answer to what is required in our Social framework, for the combinations of the relative component strengths, coupled with

fear, can give rise to innumerable types of personality. It looks as if this were one line to follow in order to get more insight into the mechanisms of the psyche which produce the distinctions between the psychopath, the anti-social, the neurotic and asocial, and the really desirable member of Society. At present it must often happen that the neurotic is punished equally with the criminal and that the two can merge into each other; and it does not seem sense to apply the same punishment to the absence of a moral sense as to the possession of an impossibly high neurotic standard of morality that fails because it cannot be lived up to, and in its failure invites punishment. Much is required in the way of research and experiment to solve these delicate problems.

Central and Local Government attracts and shapes an attitude of mind that understands and deals with the ordinary majority outlook, and has tended in the past to leave the oddities and minorities to the energy and enterprise of individuals who approach the external form of things from the angle of significance. In the past the neurotic has been studied and catered for by the private efforts of such 'oddities' as psychological medicine. Such workers, regarded askance for many years, are today more or less recognized as having some definite contribution to make to Society's problems. It was inevitable in their attempts to unravel the mysteries of neurosis that the latent criminal impulses came to light as well as the active offender, and this brought the psychological therapist in contact with the problems of treatment and disposal of the latter.

It is frequently thought that Psychological Medicine and the Law are at times diametrically opposed to each other in regard to crime and antisocial conduct. The disparity is not so great as it seems, for neither wish to live in a disordered world. The Law is concerned with the *actus reus*, the fact of the commission of the offence which, if proved, involves disposal. That means punishment, by deprivation of liberty, and training during this period of imprisonment unless the individual is held not to be responsible. The psychiatrist accepts the ruling of the Court as much as the Legal Profession and the ordinary citizen: he has no call to be a sentimentalist. Counsel and psychiatrist have the same orientation but their aims and viewpoint are different. But this need not necessarily mean they are contradictory, in an all-or-nothing sense. We might put the matter, metaphorically,

that both are seeking the truth at the centre and hub of the same wheel, but that they are travelling down different spokes, and these may be opposite rather than parallel. The psychiatrist seeks out motives with a view to explaining and rendering fully conscious why and how they act, so that the word 'intentional' rightly applies; and he insists that all human motivation has common origins. In the absence of pregenital handicap and defect we are all alike and the criminal type or innate tendency simply does not exist, unless we postulate that all have early urges that are anti-social and criminal, and that their control depends largely on the interaction between these primary urges and the environmental upbringing and experiences. Such a postulate approximates largely to the truth of the matter and thus it constitutes an educational and social problem.

This viewpoint of seeking an understanding and full explanation of anti-social conduct is the spoke of the wheel down which psychological medicine is travelling. 'To understand all is to forgive all', and the Law merely reminds us that we, and still less the ordinary layman, have not travelled far enough to understand sufficiently. Full understanding might be accepted as a reason and excuse which would do away with the necessity for the element of punishment. So far as we have got we can say that much antisocial conduct is reasonable under all the circumstances. There remains the question of disposal which is imperative in any case—training and treatment which, though not intended as a punishment, commonly involves much privation and suffering. It is quite possible that the most important aspect of the whole problem may prove finally to be the training of the Social conscience of the community itself, but in that case this conscience requires awakening from its sleep.

It is not so long since Freud, the pioneer of psychological medicine, was ostracized for 'disturbing the sleep of the world' by his work on Dream-interpretation and the Unconscious. But he was given the coveted honour of Foreign Membership of the Royal Society before he came to this country to die. It was the general public that resisted his early researches; will they do the same in the case of the criminal?

We come back to the sociological implications of the biologist's inner and outer environments and the resistance to changes through the interplay of the forces involved. The neurotic and

the criminal are not so different from one aspect that is highly important for Society. In both cases the State and Society are losing valuable energy. The neurotic or inhibited individual is keeping out of useful function much valuable energy that he has, and he must further use day-to-day energy to keep his inhibitory mechanism active and efficient. He suffers a double loss. And statistics show that there is a marked tendency for these defences to become over-saturated and ineffective and that the rate of breakdown or emergence of taboo impulses rises sharply after the age of thirty. The criminal is getting an outlet for his energy in a manner that is often destructive and always anti-social, and Society suffers this loss, and has to supply the missing inhibitory force. One might even say that Society suffers here from a treble loss. This is both a practical and scientific way to regard the problem if constructive results are aimed at.

But what will be the attitude of the ordinary 'good' citizen if he is asked to spend money on schemes that may arouse strong complexes in himself, if he is unaware of the criminal in himself? Will his 'sleep' be disturbed?

S. H. FOULKES

CRIME BEGINS AND ENDS WITHIN THE COMMUNITY: IT'S YOU AND ME

'THE deranged condition of our affairs is a universal topic among men at present; and the heavy miseries pressing, in their rudest shape, on the great dumb inarticulate class, and from this, by a sure law spreading upwards, in a less palpable but not less certain and perhaps still more fatal shape on all classes to the very highest, are admitted everywhere to be great, increasing and now almost unendurable. How to diminish them—this is every man's question. For in fact they do imperatively need diminution; and unless they can be diminished, there are many other things that cannot very long continue to exist beside them. A serious question indeed. How to diminish them!'

Thus Carlyle, writing nearly one hundred years ago. And the problem is still with us today. For it was of 'Model Prisons' that he was writing. But 'all round this beautiful establishment, or Oasis of Purity, intended for the Devil's regiments of the line, lay continents of dingy, poor and dirty dwellings, where the unfortunate not *yet* enlisted into that Force were struggling manifoldly . . . to keep the Devil out-of-doors and *not* enlist with him. And it was by a tax on these that the Barracks for the regiments of the line were kept up.' Misplaced philanthropy will not solve the problem of 'What to do with our criminals?' Nor is the solution to be found in motives of revenge, reward and punishment, nor even 'for an example to deter others'. But 'what the Law of the Universe, or Law of God, is with regard to this caitiff? That, by all sacred research and consideration, I will try to find out.'

Where have we gone from here? An increasingly scientific, rather than an emotional, approach to the problem of delinquency has served to stress this as primarily a social question. Whereas, however, the expert seeks to find the Law of the Universe through channels of sociology and psychology, many people still approach the problem with the stereotyped idea of a moral Law of God, unchanging and eternal.

What, then, is a delinquent? Where is he to be found and how identified? That he is an anti-social character would be generally agreed, but there are two aspects of the problem. In the strictest sense the term 'delinquent' comprises only he who has been caught. How to handle him is only one aspect of the question of delinquency. There is a vast company of delinquents who have never been apprehended. How many people can with a clear conscience declare that they have never infringed either the Law or the moral code of the day? To take a concrete example, who has not infringed a traffic regulation or enjoyed purchases which had their origin in the Black Market? To go even further, it is not too sweeping a statement to say that there is a vast concourse of potential or pre-delinquents, anti-social characters whose career in crime is lying dormant, ready to become manifest when provoked by a life situation with which they are not competent to deal.

Indeed, it is only necessary to look at the world upheavals of the past ten or fifteen years to see how arbitrary are moral

standards and how disturbing to the human conscience it can be when the accepted ideas of a moral obligation to a community are thus rudely shaken. There are people in this country today who in order to save their lives and very existence had to flout the 'laws' of the country from which they have sought refuge. Such conflicting moral codes, while understandable on the intellectual plane, nevertheless cause emotional bewilderment. Readjustment becomes difficult and the road to delinquency is round the corner. Then there is the case of the refugee, the victim of persecution and oppression, who overnight loses everything—social background and material wealth. Failure to adjust to a new environment can lead to a breakdown of moral code, with consequent delinquency. In all such cases, where the individual has failed emotionally to accept and adapt himself to almost fantastic changes in his life situation, it will generally be found, however, that a pre-disposition to delinquency has been lying dormant from early years; old wounds, old scars, are only waiting to be opened up. Such volcanic occurrences as the rise and fall of a Hitler regime are extreme cases of the tricks society can play on the individual who regards moral standards as enduring and changeless. Such, however, are the influences which, to a greater or lesser degree, are being brought to bear upon men and women in all spheres of society in the course of their journey through life.

What, then, are 'moral standards' and how are they inculcated in the young? We have a considerable fund of knowledge regarding the life of a community under the most primitive conditions. This knowledge is based on the reconstruction of pre-historical community life, but we can also observe, by way of comparison, the laws and customs of primitive tribes at the present day. Moreover, until fairly recently, the same principles were still manifest in our own civilization and they are still alive underneath the surface, at the present moment. Such primitive societies show very clearly the forces which are in operation, not only because they refer to a less complex social structure, but also because, looking back upon them now, it is easier for us to be comparatively detached. In these more primitive communities the application of what is now called 'the law' is quite openly a matter of and for the community. There is no written law, no lawyers, nor judges. The tribal law is patently based on the revenge motive. Woe to the man who would not avenge the murder of

the supposed murder of his next of kin. No woman would marry him, his own mother would lament him, and he would be a contemptible outcast. It became the sacred duty of the individual to avenge the blood of his kinsman by the shedding of the blood of the aggressor, or failing him, of his next of kin. Right up to the fifteenth century in this country we have records of private wars of vengeance. The punishment was to fit the crime according to the *Lex Talionis*: 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'. We still speak in this connection of 'retaliation'. With the advent of private and family property, characteristically enough, this form of retaliation became modified and could be replaced by monetary compensation: two hundred shillings for a free man, comparatively less for the more humble, less for a Welshman than an Englishman. The old English laws provide that for the loss of a foot or a hand, half a man's price was to be paid; for a thumb, half the price of a hand; five shillings for a little finger, and fourpence for a little fingernail (Tylor). This attitude is still reflected in our present system of compensation, and the psychiatrist knows well enough how the demand for compensation can dominate some persons' minds and become an obsession out of all proportion to the rational significance of the matter. In this way, whereas the execution of the law was a matter of private feud, vendetta and bargain, the community as a whole—what we would call public opinion—saw to it that 'justice' was done. In other words, such behaviour as was incompatible with their existence was not permitted to grow. If we compare the state of affairs in our present civilization, two basic changes of the highest significance stand out. First, there exists a written and impersonal law, the administration and execution of which is delegated to professional experts. In other words, there are lawyers and judges. No longer is it the sacred duty of the offended individual or family to exact retribution. On the contrary, such behaviour is itself unlawful and criminal. Secondly, our law is no longer based on the motive of revenge, but on that of rational treatment. In this way the administration of the law takes place between the expert and the criminal behind closed doors, screened off from the public mind. The criminals and delinquents are shut off behind prison walls, separated from the life of the community. This isolation brings with it the very danger with which we are here concerned—namely, that the public, in delegating their duties

to the expert, lose sight of the fact that it is their law which is being administered and their own law breaking which is being judged. In this way the two tend to drift apart. The expert is in danger of becoming divorced from the living forces of the community. Literally lacking the support of the common sense, he cannot help administering the law according to rigid rules, static and not dynamic, and having to use considerable sophistication to avoid all-too-striking a disharmony between the two. On the other hand, while he is commissioned to rational treatment, the public in their turn consciously, but mostly unconsciously, are still swayed emotionally by the ancient instincts of vengeance. In fact, the public unconsciously also delegate their own criminal impulses in the person of the delinquent. Exactly in the same way as this unpleasant affair is screened off in social reality, and precisely for the same reason, it is screened off from the conscious mind of the individual citizen, repressed and imprisoned in the unconscious. Thus it appears eliminated from his mind. He can wash his hands of it and sleep quietly at night so long as he behaves himself. But there's the rub. Just as we find in the individual mind that there is a world of difference between a problem which has been faced and solved and one which has been merely repressed, so we find that the community cannot afford to shirk its responsibilities by shutting off both the law maker and the law breaker behind closed walls, trying to forget all about them. The conflict between society and the anti-social urges cannot be solved behind the closed doors of the court of law, but must be faced for what it really is: a symptom of the strains and stresses in the community as a whole, and to a greater or lesser degree, in each individual mind.

Into such a community the child is born with nothing to guide it but its own instincts, desires and emotions. It must acquire a knowledge of 'right' and 'wrong' as understood within the bounds of this community. Moreover, such knowledge must be acquired for the most part at an age when there can be little intellectual comprehension. Psychologists are agreed that the foundations of character are laid during the first five years of life and such character development will be based not on an intellectual approach but on a strong emotional contact with the child's immediate surroundings, surroundings in which the parents are naturally the dominant figures. Much passion,

including both love and hate, can be felt in these early years, the experience of which is basic for the development of all later love relationships. Frustration will inevitably be encountered from the very first, leading in turn to strong aggressive impulses. It is these primitive impulses which, if carried through to adulthood and allowed to break through into activity, lead to crime in its most violent sense. The infant knows no taboo on murder: it would unhesitatingly kill had it the power to do so. These strong emotional impulses, largely unconscious even at this early stage (known in scientific terminology as the 'id') constitute a potent instinctual driving power all through life. To control these impulses in the interests of human relationships is the goal of early 'moral' training. To acquire this control, at first by instinct and later with growing understanding and comprehension, there is built up what is known as the 'superego'. Between these two forces, 'superego' and 'id', there is throughout life an ever-present threat of conflict. In any normal development there should be a good balance struck between the claims of instinct and the restrictions imposed by the claims of society. Later, success or failure in the handling of this conflict is met on the conscious level in terms of reward or punishment, but success will be built largely upon victories won while the struggle was still at the primitive level. Harsh experiences leave their mark unless resolved satisfactorily and overcome in the warm, confident setting of parental love, with its attendant aura of security. The growing mind, however, must in time be weaned from any sense of over-security and dependence. An unresolved over-attachment can leave a sore which will be as potent a source of future trouble as any early traumatic experience. Such wounds lie dormant, ready under provocation to produce resentment, lack of the power of adjustment to real life situations, and all the other disturbances which in their turn lead to anti-social acts. Met in later life by frustration, subjected to emotional pressure, the mind, which has been warped during its early developmental years, tends to withdraw from reality, seeking instinctively to solve its difficulties at the childhood level, seeking the old, emotional reassurance. The old struggle is renewed with its strong surges of love and hate. Actions are taken which, in spite of the superficial warnings of the adult intellect, are really the adult acting out of old, infantile urges.

We must consider that the energies behind a mature person's actions, endeavours and accomplishments, likewise his symptoms, such as conversion into physical manifestations, are derived from the early instinctive impulses of the young child. If the individual succeeds in letting them be absorbed into his maturing mind, if he can direct them towards socially approved aims (so-called sublimation), all is well and good. To be successful in this, instincts have to undergo manifold restrictions. They have to be blended and modified, deviated on to substitute objects and aims, find employment in the maintenance of the inner mental structure itself, renounce their original aims, often crudely sexual and incestuous. Wherever this process is not successful, as is the case with all of us to a greater or lesser degree, the old instinct remains, continually unsatisfied and frustrated, waiting, as it were, for a chance to break through with all its native strength. In the meantime, such frustrated instincts give rise to all sorts of disturbances in mental life, in the shape of neurotic symptoms, kinks, or irrational behaviour which is seen whenever control is relaxed. Such relaxation as normally occurs in sleep allows such desires, which are habitually repressed and incompatible with the waking mind, to express themselves in the wishful thinking of the dream. It stands to reason that control must be in proportion to the strength of such repressed and dissatisfied instincts, exactly as the police force will be reinforced where trouble is brewing. In fact, these repressed instincts constitute the latent, potential criminality of the individual. Around particularly dangerous formations of such underground instincts a protective guard forms, stressing their opposite, so that the person's manifest character and behaviour seems to be particularly remote from and opposed to the type of instinctual behaviour in question. So it seems, at least, to the observer, who would only take the conscious mind into account. This kind of mental structure is called 'reaction formation', and serves the purpose of localizing trouble, thus saving open mental conflict. To give a simple example of such reaction formation: it is normal in certain stages of childhood development to find pleasure in soiling things, as, for instance, playing with excrement. The claims of education demand that such pleasures be renounced. Under normal circumstances the child succeeds, not without a struggle, in 'growing out of it'. However, in some persons this struggle is not entirely successful, partly because the instinctive

pleasure derived from such activities is stronger than usual for constitutional reasons, partly, maybe, because the relationship was not as good as it could have been to those persons who had to become identified with these restrictive and punishing demands. Further, and this is important, the struggle has not been wholly successful because rebuffs had been experienced on more advanced and better approved levels of instinctive gratification, which rebuffs threw the child back on to these older levels where he was happier. Whatever the reason, in such a person these socially intolerable instincts have to go underground, as it were. Now, one of the forms of defence against this can be exaggerated emphasis on cleanliness. Instead of being untidy and disorderly, such a person might become a model of tidiness and orderliness, the latter being, in this case, the reaction formation. To the casual observer such a personality would, therefore, appear furthest removed from indulging in dirt and squalor and only the expert would 'smell a rat' from the very stress put upon order, discipline and cleanliness, and the compulsive character which behaviour acquires under such conditions.

We have said before that rebuffs in gratification have the effect of throwing a person back to more primitive sources of gratification. This is exactly what happens to the overt delinquent or criminal in later life. He is predisposed to this because the conflict between his native instincts and the claims of the community for renunciation had not been satisfactorily solved in early childhood. When he now experiences a severe frustration and disappointment, he regresses to these earlier levels. This gives his so far latent criminality a double chance. First, control becomes relaxed and, secondly, his dormant infantile urges, already waiting for their opportunity to break out, now become reinforced by the frustrated instincts in their process of regression. This corresponds to the fact that the delinquent acts as in a dream, as it were, in a state of reduced conscious awareness, like a trance. It is this state of affairs which I have described elsewhere—on that occasion to illustrate the difference between neurotic and criminal behaviour, in stating: 'the neurotic acts in his dreams, the criminal dreams in his actions'. Past and present become one; while he may know and perceive the present scene, he feels it at the same time to be the long-forgotten past. He literally acts out something which he was never permitted to do and all his

life has wanted to complete, thus relieving himself from an unbearable tension. While he acts in the present reality, his action is symbolic at the same time, and in the terms of his own mind, in his mental reality, it is the past which counts.

Here, then, we have the seeds of delinquency which, to greater or lesser degree, are present in every one of us. In fact, our whole attitude to manifest delinquency in others is emotionally biased and conditioned by the price which we paid for success or failure in our own struggle. The well-balanced person, who has successfully adjusted himself to the demands of society, will have a better understanding for the problems of others and a greater toleration of their failures, while at the same time there is no sterner critic of the criminal than he who has had his own struggle and with difficulty passed the danger spot. The more he has had, and still has, to repress, the greater his resentment of the defaulter. This emotional bias in public opinion makes so difficult the scientific approach which is needed if the problem of social maladjustment is to be met adequately. The problem is not one which can be solved by the treatment of the individual delinquent by an individual therapist alone; it calls for the treatment of those conditions which lead to crime and delinquency. It is a case for prevention rather than cure. We shall see this more clearly if we look at the arena in which the battle for social adjustment is fought out. It is a matter of general agreement that slums are the black spot of any community. Unfortunately Carlyle's 'continents of dingy, poor and dirty dwellings' still contribute their quota to fill our prisons and by their continued existence neutralize much that advanced thinking has done to modernize our prison system. In these plague spots delinquency can be met with in all stages of development. Here the criminal rubs shoulders with the rest of the 'social problem group', that grouping of the biologically subnormal, the feeble-minded, the dull and backward, and other social misfits which, it has been computed, constitute ten per cent of our population. Here he finds a happy hunting ground. But although this social problem group is based on the biologically retarded, research has not succeeded in establishing criminality as a biologically determined condition, with the possible exception of the psychopathic personality. Here we have a grave disturbance which may in some cases be traced back to a physical abnormality. This type of

psychopath is an extreme anti-social, perverted personality whose reactions differ widely from the normal, but are not necessarily to be classified as insane. And here again, not all of them are of necessity criminal. It is, however, in this class that many of the worst criminal types are found, and it would seem that in this particular extreme case there is little to be done for the adult individual, more perhaps in the formative years, but most in the way of research into the cause of the condition. What are the organic causes? What are the events of early infancy which have so irretrievably affected this warped personality? More fruitful, however, is the study of the far more widespread neurotic personality and his struggle to adjust himself to a hostile environment. And it is to the diagnosis and treatment of the pre-delinquent and his environment that research should direct its energies, especially in the case of the juvenile delinquent. Not only is prevention always better than cure, but in the case of the criminal or delinquent, once apprehended, the situation becomes fraught with new problems. If research is to be continued in this phase and treatment undertaken, there is always the dangerous element of widespread resentment of the fact that the convicted criminal would appear to be receiving just that treatment which is denied to the problem personality who has *not* broken the law. Further, prison conditions are artificial and do not, therefore, provide the best setting in which to attempt a readjustment to a life situation. Conviction also raises the whole problem of punishment: its effect on the punished and its deterrent effect, if any, on the would-be delinquent. Mr. Herbert Morrison has stated in his Foreword to a Home Office publication on 'Prisons and Borstals': 'The harm done by crime is caused by a comparatively small number of people; but if harm is done by wrong methods of punishment, the whole community is answerable.' He calls for a sympathetic interest and constructive criticism from the citizen who 'should have the opportunity of knowing what is done in his name by those responsible for carrying out the methods of punishment provided by the law'. The most enlightened prison system, however, will not remove the stigma which attaches to the ex-convict, and it has been said that his real punishment begins when he is discharged. How, then, can we combine a preventive approach to the problem with a penal system less isolated from a real life situation, a system which will help

rather than hinder the anti-social member of the community in his task of readjustment and socialization?

As we have seen, we must start by trying to abolish those conditions of life in which a child can be described as 'unwanted', with all the implications of which he will all too soon become aware: poverty, and its attendant problems of shortages, the stigma of illegitimacy or of the broken family, overcrowding, which results in ill-health, physically and mentally. Fortunately, we have an unrivalled opportunity in the present period of post-war reconstruction to build and plan for a basic existence for all in which the family may be the real backbone of our society, and during the formative years youth may acquire the necessary discipline in the shape of punishment administered in love and not in resentment. This is the only punishment which can be fully acceptable to the punished. So the loved child seeks to please the loved parent. It becomes a co-operative member of the smallest social unit—the family. But society must prove worthy of the loyalty it exacts. Only under such conditions can the individual acquire that genuine sense of right and wrong, that respect for public opinion and for the rights of others, and above all that inner discipline which is required by the community without being otherwise hampered in his free development.

Town planners are already envisaging a lay-out in which thickly populated areas will be broken up into definite units, sub-sections of the community, where the child may more easily exchange the family group for the larger entity, with its focal points of school, factory and community centre, with its facilities not only for recreation but also, possibly, for advice and guidance on all matters which perplex people in their inter-personal relationships. Within this framework we may hope to find not only the health centre, but a development perhaps of the child guidance clinics where parent and child may both seek help. In short, there should be a possibility for the whole family to seek guidance, not only from the expert but from each other, so that the community may gradually become its own therapist, seeking to amend conditions rather than to heal the overt symptoms, one of which is 'the criminal'.

What of the social misfit under such conditions as we have visualized? When conditions of living leave less to be desired, the task will be made easier for those who study the still intractable

anti-social character. The problem will be localized more in the individual, while at the same time his handling will be rendered easier within the framework of a more 'group conscious' public. Punishment will take on a new meaning when community life offers 'privileges', the withdrawal of which will be felt as a genuine hardship. At present there are homes and families from which it is no hardship to be separated. The prison system as we know it will not disappear overnight, but it could gradually be replaced by some system of release on licence, when investigation and treatment carried out while under observation could be followed up by further treatment designed to facilitate the return of the outcast to the community. Such treatment might conceivably take the form of group treatment jointly with other members of the community who, with problems of their own to resolve, would no longer feel that such help was withheld from them, to be handed out only as the wages of sin. Such treatment of a group would bridge the gulf for the returned prisoner while at the same time leading to a deeper understanding of the nature of the apparent gulf which divides the delinquent from the non-delinquent.

Some work has already been done on the application of group therapy to the treatment of neuroses and allied disorders. Experience has all gone to show that a participant in such a therapeutic group, after perhaps some initial shyness and reticence, has found much help and comfort in the knowledge that others share his problems and difficulties. Isolation is dispelled and gradually guidance is sought less from the therapist, who slowly recedes into the background, but rather from the fellow members of the group. Experiences of such an approach within the orbit of a community such as a hospital have gone to show that the group idea can be applied to all spheres of activity, not necessarily overtly therapeutic in intent, and from such project or activity groups a system of self-government is built up which permeates the whole community. Fifty years ago the application of the group project idea in education was tried by that pioneer of new educational methods, Sanderson of Oundle. Much still remains to be tried and built up on this foundation. Here we have the ideal form of education for life, designed to socialize while respecting and developing the individuality of each member of a group. The settling of emigrants in Palestine provides yet another

example of the successful application of the group method to the problem of building up a new and self-supporting community. Failure to meet the demands of the unit is gradually eradicated by the inculcation of the ideal of becoming a useful and respected member of the group or settlement. In such groups as these the participant not only becomes aware of the happiness which can spring from the give-and-take of a common task well and truly carried out, but, where difficulties arise, he can meet them with a new insight, and consequently a greater toleration of the limitations of himself and others.

Where, then, do we stand? The need is admittedly great. The war has been followed by a wave of crime. The causes are not far to seek. The social background of a large proportion of our population leaves much to be desired. Further, war does much to disturb the ideal, with difficulty implanted in the young, to eschew aggression and respect one's fellow men. Early moral training has been rudely shaken. Standards hitherto accepted have become suspect. The remedy? Fortunately, we are presented with a unique opportunity at the present time to rebuild the whole framework of society. Nor are pointers wanting as to the form such rebuilding might take. There is much research still to be done, both into the mentality of the individual recalcitrant criminal, overt or latent, and into the reactions of the so-called 'normal' public, which constitute themselves both his judge and jury. Now is the time to make far-reaching experiments. A. E. Jones has rightly stressed, in his interesting study of 'Juvenile Delinquency and the Law': 'The community as a whole must bestir itself. It must decide what sort of children it wants in the future and then bring about the best conditions to produce them. It must demand the necessary parliamentary action. . . . The magistrates . . . only administer Acts of Parliament, and these are the constitutional expression of the will of the people.'



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